No. 152
July '72
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MAD

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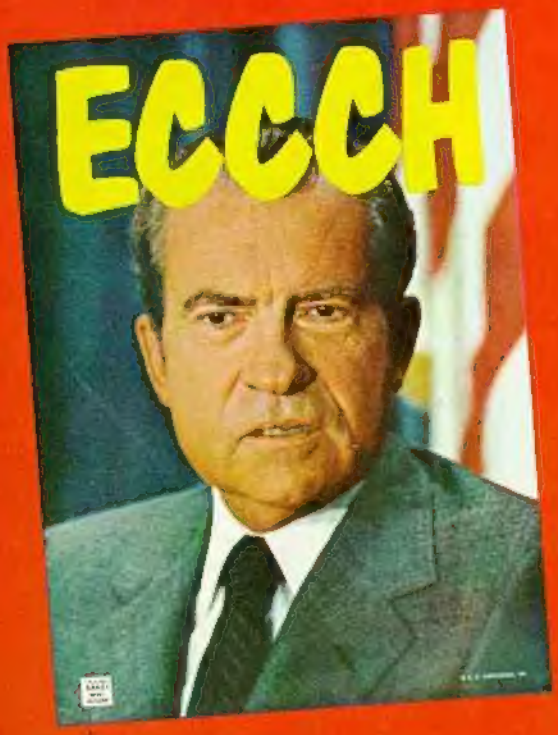

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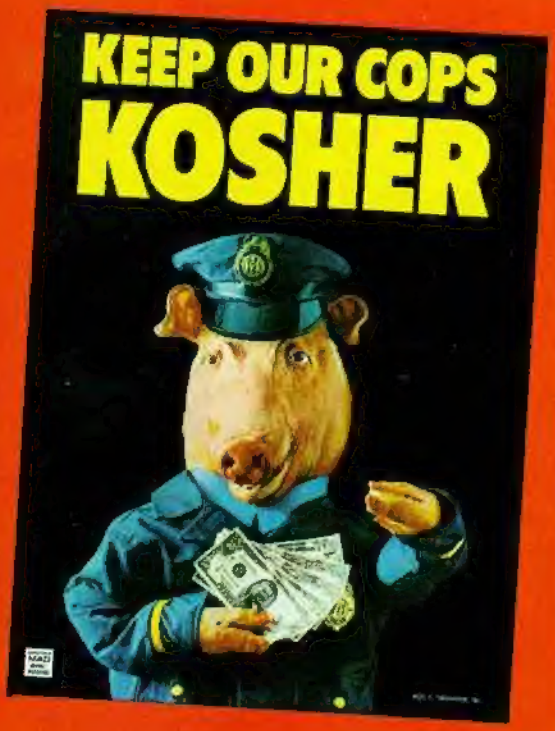

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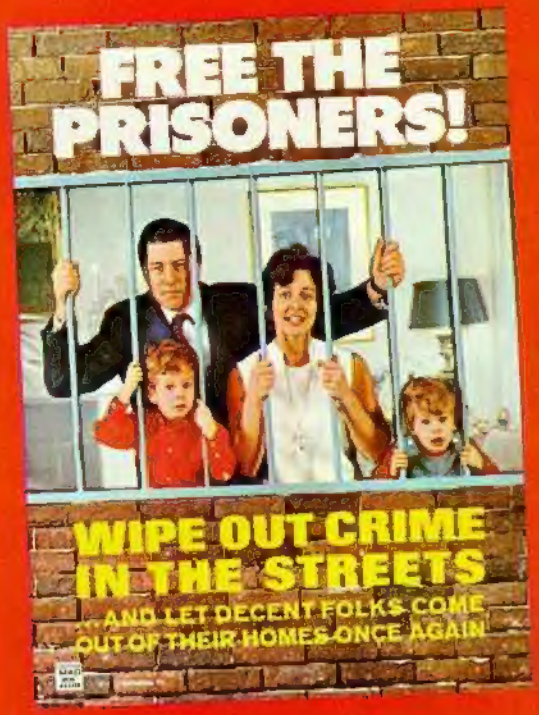

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NUMBER 152 JULY 1972

MAD

"The trouble with modern apartments is: the walls are too thin when you try to sleep, and too thick when you try to listen!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,
CURTIS ANDERSON, DAVE FRASER *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—July 1972, Vol. 1, No. 152 is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 19 issues $7.00. Outside U.S.A. 19 issues $8.75. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1972 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

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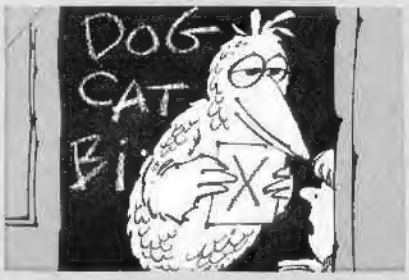

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- ☐ The Recycled MAD
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- ☐ DON MARTIN Bounces Back
- ☐ DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories
- ☐ MAD's Captain Klutz
- ☐ DON MARTIN Cooks
- ☐ DON MARTIN Comes On Strong
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- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at People
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- ☐ 3rd MAD Dossier of SPY vs. SPY
- ☐ A MAD Look at Old Movies
- ☐ Return of MAD Old Movies
- ☐ AL JAFFEE's Snappy Answers
- ☐ More AL JAFFEE Snappy Answers
- ☐ The MAD Book of Magic
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- ☐ MAD for Better or Verse
- ☐ Sing Along With MAD

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LETTERS DEPT.

WHITE HOUSE FOLLIES

"White House Follies" was definitely your finest work to date. You needn't apologize to Gilbert and Sullivan. You are the very models of modern intrepid satirists!

Barbara Little
Tampa, Florida

How could you usurp the beautiful melodies of Gilbert and Sullivan to such a degree by putting them in the mouths of such inane characters? A brilliant job!

Mark Packer
Los Angeles, Calif.

"The White House Follies Of 1972" was incalculably epigrammatic. Congratulations to Mort Drucker for such realistic caricatures and to Frank Jacobs for his lyric style.

Herbert Buchsbaum
Savannah, Ga.

ADS THAT TURN PEOPLE OFF

Your article "Ads That Turn People Off" turned me on. I agree that companies that have too much business shouldn't advertise for more business.

Dennis Paul
Marion, Ind.

THE PUTRID FAMILY

As a recent witness to the most sickening and plastic show to hit the tube since its invention, I must thank you for "The Putrid Family". It hit me right in the eye!

Matt Putnam
Hull, Maine

I'd like to lavish some reader praise on your crummy mag. I congratulate you for your strike into one of America's most hated of bubblegum groups. Angelo Torres and Arnie Kogen have mercifully cleared the air of TV's most "Putrid" faction.

Jim Mayer
Wichita, Kansas

Congratulations to Arnie Kogen for capturing the true meaningless story of a plotless show.

Chris Nicholls
Orillia, Ont.

HOWARD COSELL UNLIMITED

Everybody's ridiculing Howard Cosell and his mannerisms. Why can't they leave the poor man alone?

Stacey Port
Flushing, N.Y.

Just a note to tell you how much the entire Cosell family enjoyed the article; including 2½ year old grandson, Justin, who was thrilled to recognize Pappa chatting with Ernie. Justin is quite the Sesame Street buff.

Mary Edith Cosell
(Mrs. Howard W.)
New York, N.Y.

COSMOPOLITAN PIECE OFFERING

We of the Radcliffe College Varsity Basketball Team, being justifiably incensed at our sisters on "Radclyff" being referred to as "five easy pieces", got mad, and went out and won our first game by 12 points. Until your slur on poor "Radclyff", our team had lost four straight games; one of them by 61 points!

Perla Hewes
Basketball Coach
Radcliffe College
Cambridge, Mass.

COSMOPOLITAN VIEWS

I have five children ranging in age from 8 to 20. The older children have always enjoyed MAD and I always assumed it was good entertainment for them. When they showed me your Cosmopolitan satire, I was astonished that your magazine would be so tawdry. It would be a shame if such an old friend as Alfred E. Neuman became just a dirty old man.

Mrs. Frank De Lizza
Brooklyn, N.Y.

"If Other Magazines Copied Cosmopolitan's 'Sex' Formula" is the most *embraceable* article you've ever done. I hope to read it soon.

Mart Butler
Northvale, N.J.

MORE SNAPPY ANSWERS

I learned quickly from Al Jaffee's "More Snappy Answers. . . ." Asked by my friend, peering over my shoulder, if I was writing a letter to MAD, I *snappily* replied, "No, I am writing *many* letters and stringing them together to make *words* which I am sending to MAD."

Peter Hyman
Queen's University
Kingston, Ontario

CLASSROOM COMMENTARY

For several years I have been borrowing from MAD for teaching ideas. It has the best collection of relevant satire and parody. I've made transparencies for use with overhead projector, using such teaching aids as "The Rime Of The Modern Surfer", "Casey At The Dice", and other efforts of your Poet Lauridiots. Many thanks.

June Beattie
South Hadley, Mass.

MARTIN'S HIGHWAY RESTAURANT

Don Martin's "One Busy Day In A Highway Restaurant" is a tasty serving, just made to order!

Jim Randleman
Fair Oaks, Calif.

CALLIGRAPHER'S DELIGHT

The Chinese phrase, over President Nixon in the April FOLD-IN, reads: "Would you buy a used rickshaw from this man?" Such an unexpected discovery is a calligrapher's delight!

Bob Compton
Henrietta, N.Y.

DICK'S RECORD BROKEN

I'm an avid reader of MAD and notice that Dick DeBartolo has had at least one article in every issue for the past eight consecutive years. However, in the April issue there was nothing written by him. Was this a mistake?

Teresa Laughlin
New York, N.Y.

No, running at least one article in every issue for the past eight consecutive years was a mistake!—Ed.

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You can end the draft by stuffing one or more of these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, into the cracks! Or you can also line the bottom of bird cages, train puppies and wrap fish with them! Or you can also hang 'em on your wall, because they're suitable for framing! Merely send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27 or $4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

INSIDE DOPE DEPT.

There's a great movie playing around. It's exciting, and full of action, and it's easy to watch. It's not one of those movies where you have to think! Or is it?? You certainly don't do any thinking during the movie. But after it's over, you're left with a couple of unanswered questions. In fact, *everybody* is left with a couple of unanswered questions. Take f'rinstance the guy who gets shot in the very first scenes:

Hey, kid, tell me! Do you believe in Santa Claus?

Well, I used to . . . until you started showing up around here—in JULY!!

An' I never saw Santa wearing a gun before! I think you're a cop!!

Well, I'm NOT, you little brat! And if you say that one more time, I'm gonna arrest you!

I'll have a Frank with sauerkraut . . . and a bottle of Pepsi!

I don't have any Franks . . . sauerkraut . . . OR bottles of Pepsi!

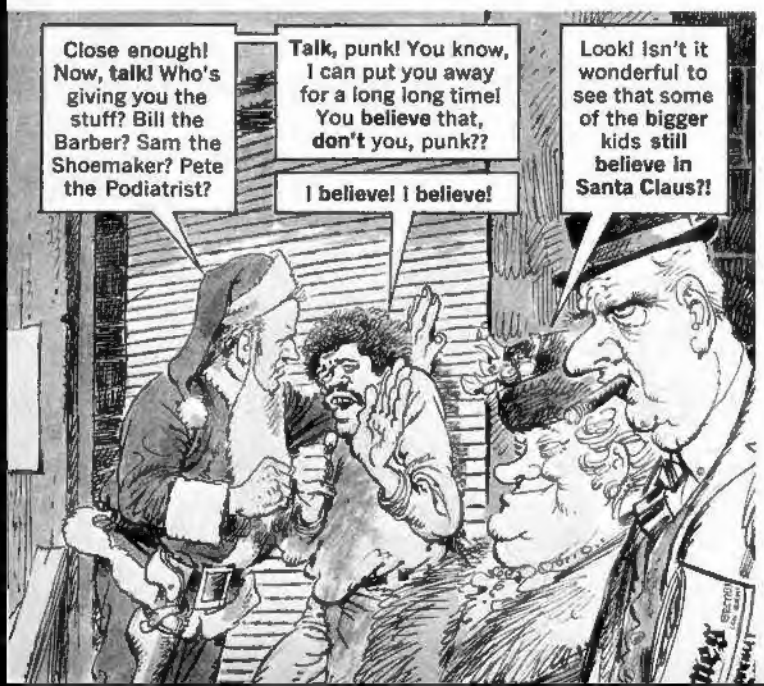
Then what's in the cart?

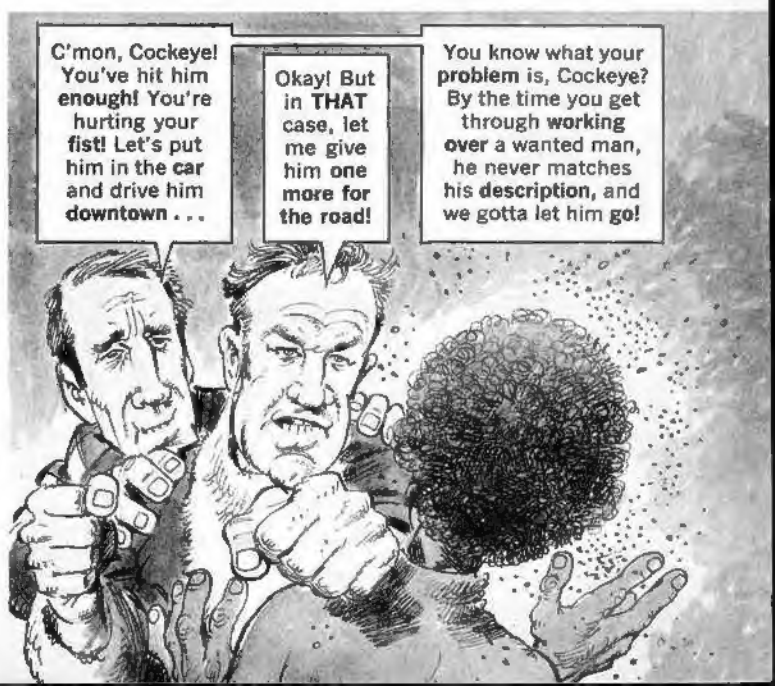
DISGUISES!! Now . . . beat it!!

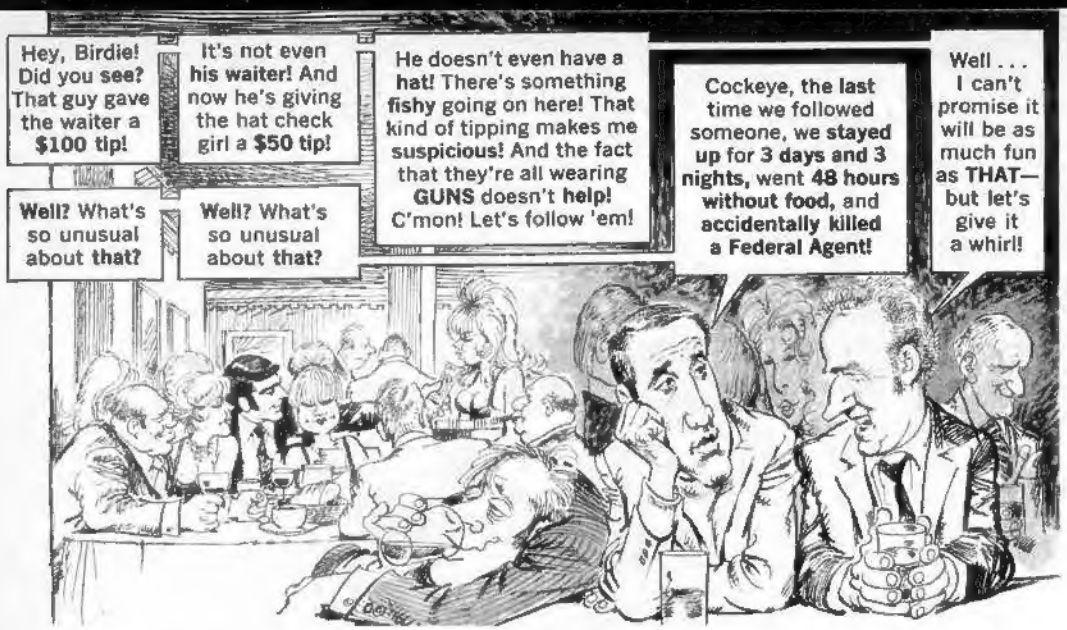
HOTEL
SOUL FOOD HOUSE
BAR
CHICKEN
SESAME ST. BAR
LOANS CREDIT Co.
I WILL NOT TRADE WITH RED CHINA
PTC POST THEATRE COMPANY
DRINK Coca-Cola
BEER
Sauerkraut
CHOPPED LIVER 25¢
PEPSI
HOT FRANKS 35¢
DRUCKER

WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?

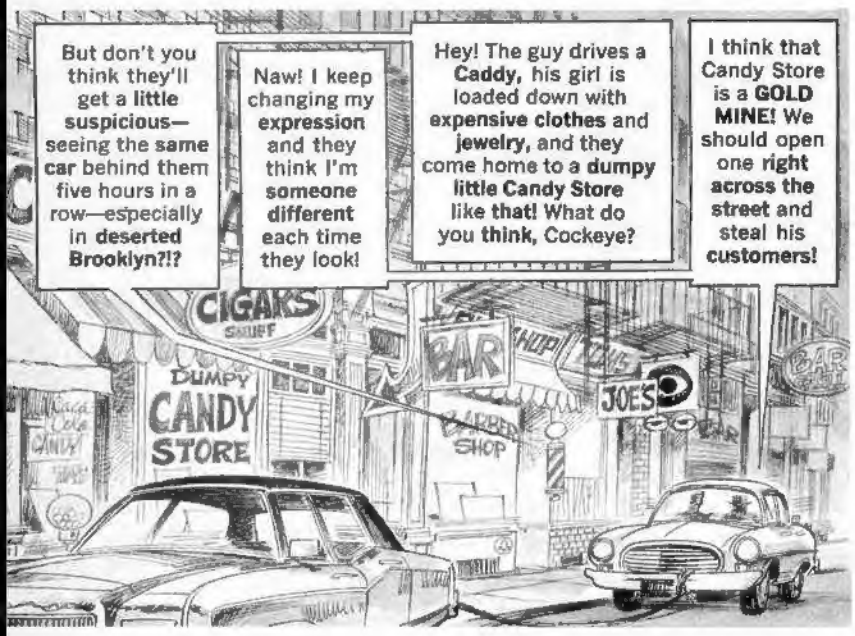
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



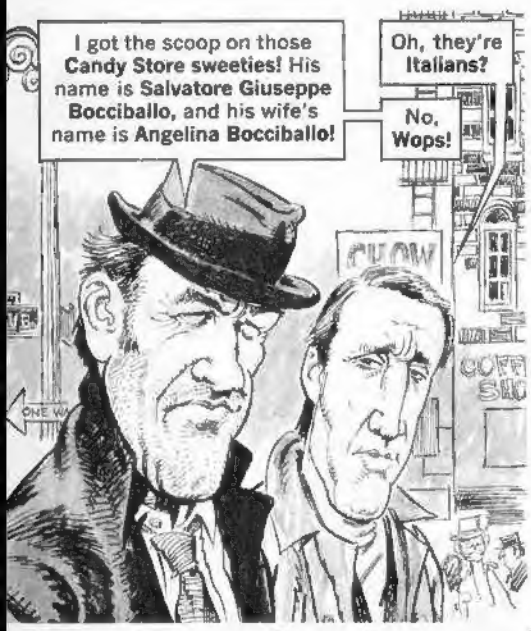



Hey, Birdie! Did you see? That guy gave the waiter a $100 tip!
It's not even his waiter! And now he's giving the hat check girl a $50 tip!
He doesn't even have a hat! There's something fishy going on here! That kind of tipping makes me suspicious! And the fact that they're all wearing GUNS doesn't help! C'mon! Let's follow 'em!
Well? What's so unusual about that?
Well? What's so unusual about that?
Cockeye, the last time we followed someone, we stayed up for 3 days and 3 nights, went 48 hours without food, and accidentally killed a Federal Agent!
Well . . . I can't promise it will be as much fun as THAT— but let's give it a whirl!

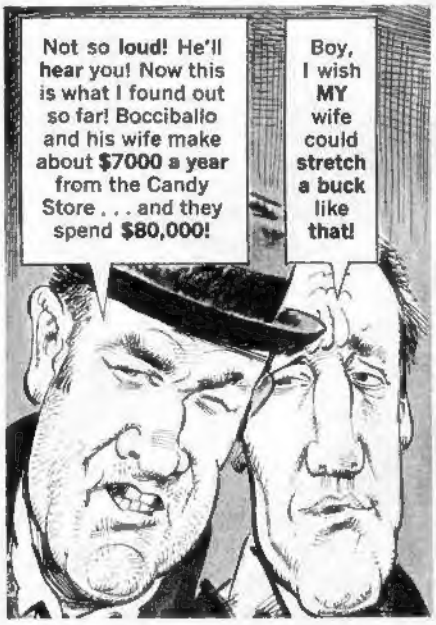
Gee, Cockeye, you're doing a great job of staying right on their tail!
No problem, Birdie! I tied our bumpers together!


But don't you think they'll get a little suspicious— seeing the same car behind them five hours in a row—especially in deserted Brooklyn?!?
Naw! I keep changing my expression and they think I'm someone different each time they look!
Hey! The guy drives a Caddy, his girl is loaded down with expensive clothes and jewelry, and they come home to a dumpy little Candy Store like that! What do you think, Cockeye?
I think that Candy Store is a GOLD MINE! We should open one right across the street and steal his customers!
CIGARS
DUMPY CANDY STORE
BAR
JOE'S
BARBER SHOP

I'm going to New York!
I bought you a new camera!
I bought you a new coat!
That's great! Now tell me, what's the connection?


I got the scoop on those Candy Store sweeties! His name is Salvatore Giuseppe Bocciballo, and his wife's name is Angelina Bocciballo!
Oh, they're Italians?
No, Wops!

Wasn't this a great idea of mine? I figured Bocciballo was getting a little suspicious of seeing a car behind him all the time, so I came up with this . . .
Yeah, but don't you think that sitting in his BACK SEAT is a little dangerous?


Not so loud! He'll hear you! Now this is what I found out so far! Bocciballo and his wife make about $7000 a year from the Candy Store . . . and they spend $80,000!
Boy, I wish MY wife could stretch a buck like that!

Hey, we're stopping at **Sol Beanstalk's** apartment! I've been wanting to get something on **him** for **years!**

Yeah! They say he's a big bankroller of **illicit narcotics!**

Who cares about that!? He's **Jewish!** That's what galls me! I don't know why those Jews don't go back to **Jewland** where they **came** from!

You know, Cockeye! Sometimes you sound like a **bigot!**

Listen, I don't have any love for them **Bigots, either!** If I had my way, every one of **THEM** would be sent back to **Bigotland** where **THEY** came from!

And what is the purpose of your visit to **America,** Mr. Dapperbeaux?

I have come from France to drive my custom-built **Mark III Lincoln Continental** into **Brooklyn** where I will park it in the **worst run-down section of the waterfront!**

Yes, but what's the **connection??**

Gee, I was hoping **YOU** guys would know?

Okay, this is a **raid!** I want all the goodies **on the counter!**

Gee, Cockeye, why can't you come through the **front door** just **once!** This is the **fourth** plate glass window you've busted **this month!**

Boy, there are more **pills, needles** and **drugs** on **that counter** than in the **last** place Cockeye busted!!

Where was **that?**

The **Upjohn Pharmaceutical Company!**

Hey, Spade! Haven't seen you in a **Coon's** age! How's my little **Black-Eyed Pea?**

You talkin' to me?

Don't **get cute** with me, Sambo, or I might start some **name-calling!**

Hey, Man! You got a **dime** to lend me for the **John . . .?**

Wait, I'll **open it** for you!

Okay! **(SOCK!)** No one can hear us now! **(PUNCH!)** So what's the word?

When? **(SLAM!)**

How much? **(CRACK!)**

Soon! Maybe **this week!**

I dunno! **(OOOF!)** A lot!

There's a big **shipment** due!

Now I'm gonna knock you back outside with **one last shot!** Thanks for the **info!** You're really a **friend . . .**

Thank God I'm a **FRIEND!** I'd hate to see the way he treats his **ENEMIES!**

But, Lieutenant Simpleton! I'm **sure** I'm on to something **BIG!!**

Cockeye, the last **time** you were on to something big, you cost the Department **$40,000, 2 police cars and one Federal Agent . . . !**

Yeah, but last time, I just had a **"feeling"!** This time, I got a real **"HUNCH"!**

Oh, well, if you're **THAT** positive, I'll assign a **Fed** to help! Let's see, who won't I **miss** if he gets **shot** accidentally??

OUR LEADER

What kind of a place **is this, anyway?**

It's an **Auto Graveyard . . .** where they auction off **old cars!**

See that guy in the **black hat?** He's our **agent!** He's bidding on a **beat-up wreck** of an **old car** for us!

Great! Now, can I ask just **one more question?**

WHAT'S THE CONNECTION???

Why'd we stop in this restaurant for a twelve course dinner? It makes **no sense at all!** The food is **lousy** here!

It's not for the **food!** It's for the **fantastic view!**

This is our **best table,** Sir . . . overlooking **Irving's TV Repair Shop,** where you can eat your dinner in **warmth** and **comfort** while you watch that **Narco agent** watch **you!**

IRVING'S TV REPAIR SHOP

PIZZA

MENU

Here! I got you some **Pizza!**

Guinea food again? I'd love some **Chink food** for a change!

Excuse me, Sir! I just want to tell you that you're doing a **real great job!**

You mean tracking down the **narcotics shipment?**

No, insulting Minority Groups! You're a real credit to all the Micks!

STUFF

STUFF

LECITHIN

Okay! Okay! I'm **waiting!** Is the stuff **good?**

Yeah, Man! It's like **great!**

Oh, **wow!** Who was **killed?** Cockeye? Birdie? **Someone vital to the plot!**

Naw! **Nobody!** It's just that there's been no **violence** for nearly **90 seconds,** so we just **stuck** in this plain old **bloody, gory, disgusting car wreck!**

(CHOKE!) Yeah, but what's the **connection?**

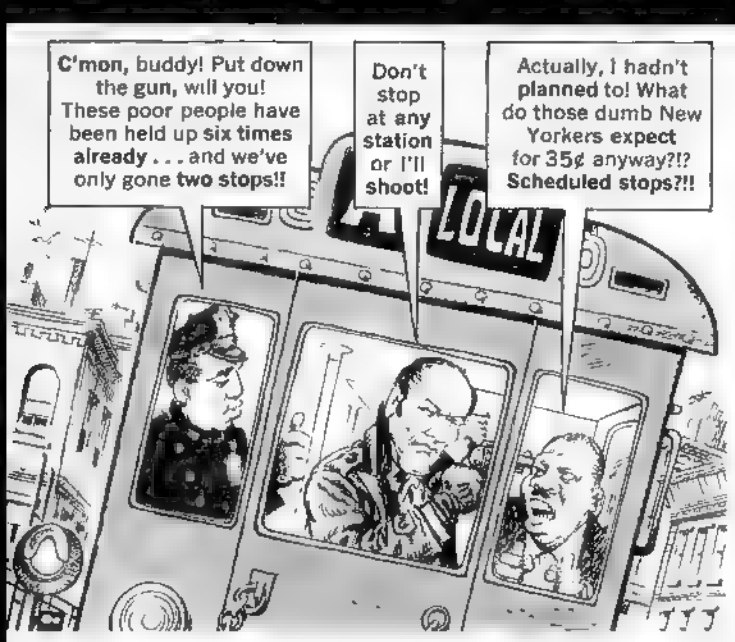
LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY EASTBOUND

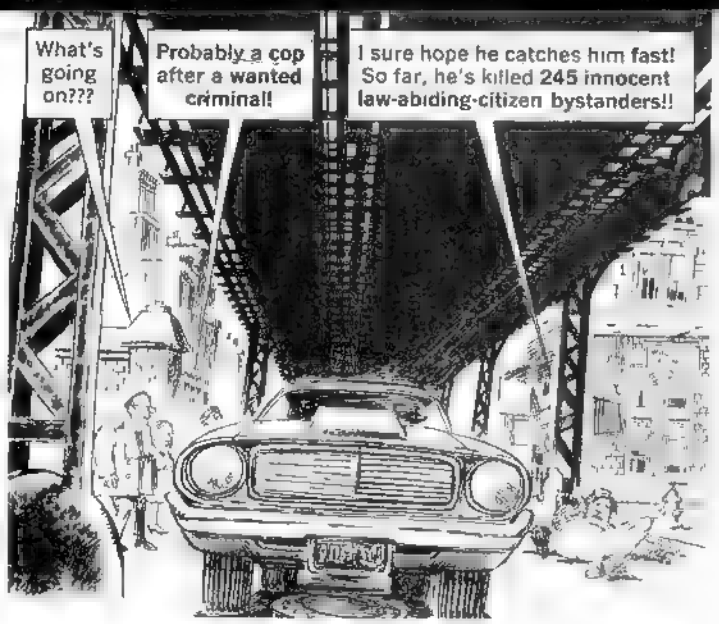
RIGHT LANE MUST TURN LEFT

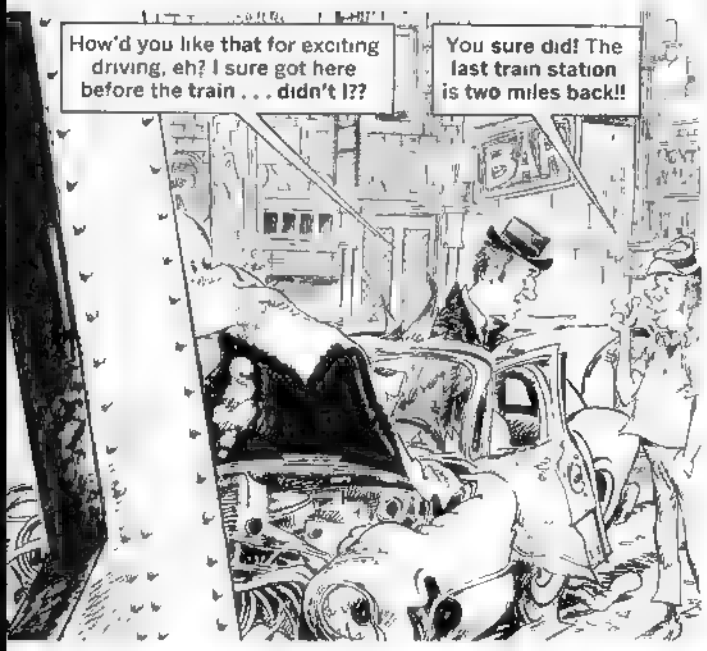
NORTH

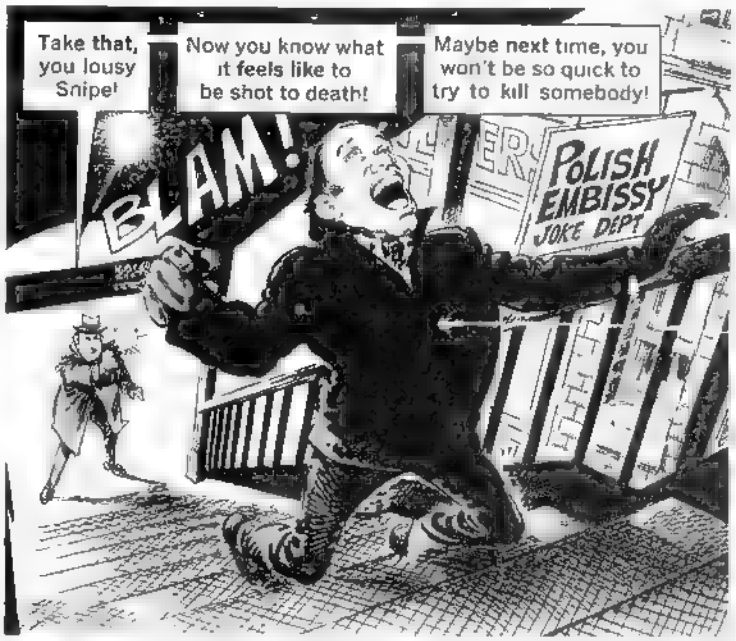
495

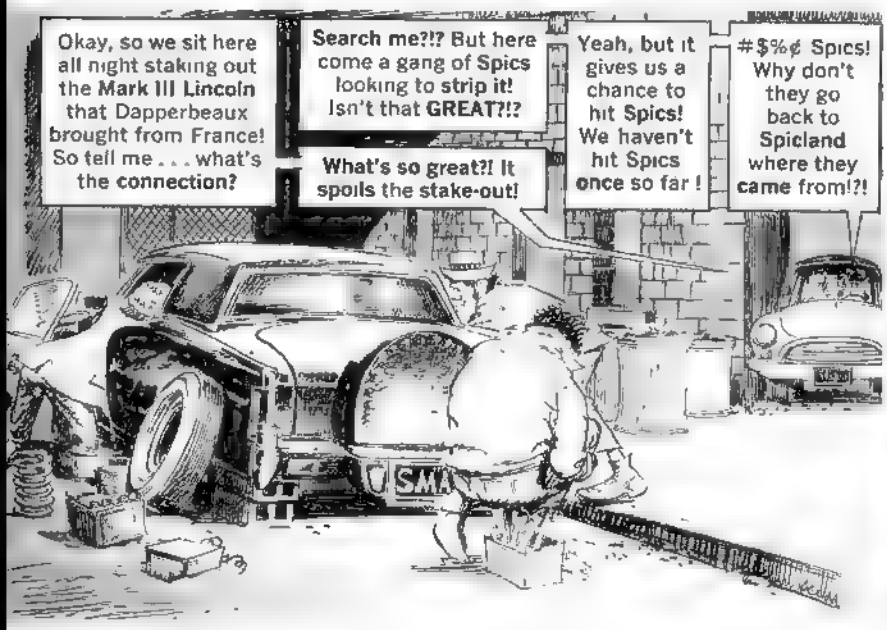
EEEEEK! EEEEK! Someone's shooting at us! Oh, my God! Look! There's a sniper on the roof!
Boy, I sure wish they'd go back to Sniperland where they came from . . . those lousy Snipes!
When you get finished with your ethnic slurs, you might chase him! He just ran up and got on the Elevated Train!
POW! POW!
Thanks for the tip . . . Kike!
STOP! POLICE EMERGENCY! I GOTTA HAVE YOUR CAR!
SCREECH
Aw, c'mon, guy! Take somebody else's car! I want to chase him!
Tough! You had your chance in "Bullit"! Now it's my turn to drive like a crazy idiot!
First ..... a short cut . . . through this building . . .
Next .... a quick run down this crowded sidewalk . . .
Next, a blind rush through this dangerous intersection . . .
WOOOSH
And a light bounce off this fruit stand, under this truck!
Now watch this neat maneuver! Just before I hit that young mother and her baby carriage, I swerve! Unfortunately, into a busload of Orphans! But that's their tough luck! Why don't they go back to Orphanland where they came from!?!
Hmmm! Look at that creep waving the checkered flag! Hasn't got the patriotism to wave an American flag!
Here's where you get yours, you crummy Checker-lover!
RRRRRR


C'mon, buddy! Put down the gun, will you! These poor people have been held up six times already . . . and we've only gone two stops!!
Don't stop at any station or I'll shoot!
Actually, I hadn't planned to! What do those dumb New Yorkers expect for 35¢ anyway?!? Scheduled stops?!!
LOCAL


What's going on???
Probably a cop after a wanted criminal!
I sure hope he catches him fast! So far, he's killed 245 innocent law-abiding-citizen bystanders!!


How'd you like that for exciting driving, eh? I sure got here before the train . . . didn't I??
You sure did! The last train station is two miles back!!


Take that, you lousy Snipe!
Now you know what it feels like to be shot to death!
Maybe next time, you won't be so quick to try to kill somebody!
BLAM!
POLISH EMBISSY
JOKE DEPT


Okay, so we sit here all night staking out the Mark III Lincoln that Dapperbeaux brought from France! So tell me . . . what's the connection?
Search me?!? But here come a gang of Spics looking to strip it! Isn't that GREAT?!?
What's so great?! It spoils the stake-out!
Yeah, but it gives us a chance to hit Spics! We haven't hit Spics once so far!
#$%¢ Spics! Why don't they go back to Spicland where they came from!?!

But you're right! The stake-out is ruined! Take the car to the station and search it, and arrest the Spics!
Noodling their navels in Nantucket!
It carries twice the penalty of diddling your digit in Dallas!
On what charge . . . ?
Is that a crime?

PLEASE TO MEET YOUR DOOM!

Listen, Cockeye—

Fed, I've had it up to here with you razzin' me!!

But all I said was "Listen, Cockeye—"

Yeah, but if I let you get away with that, the next thing you know you'll be making it into a sentence! You've been on my back ever since I accidentally killed your best friend! Can't you forget a petty grudge?

Didn't find a thing, Cockeye! We checked the roof, the floor, the engine, the tires, the seats . . . everything!

Did you look in the trunk?

The trunk?!? No! What a fantastic idea! Hey, Gus! Look in the trunk!

Cockeye's right! The stuff is here . . .!

Boy, you dumb Mechanics oughta all go back to Mechanicland where you came from! Now put the car back together again! Dapperbeaux's waiting for it!

Here you are, Mr. Dapperbeaux . . . in perfect shape!

Wait a minute! What's going on here, anyway?

No matter what you say, Dapperbeaux, we never searched your car!

Who said anything about searching my car!? I lost a brown Lincoln Continental and you're giving me back a green Cadillac Eldorado!

Phew! is that all?! For a minute, we thought you were suspicious!

JUNK

Well, you've got your heroin . . . and I've got my money! Outside of a few million loopholes, it was the perfect crime!

HOLD IT! THIS IS THE POLICE!

Sorry, guys, but this isn't the perfect crime! And we still have three more loopholes to create!

I'm going to run and hide on this tiny, escape-proof island, and never be found by any of the 200 cops you have here!

That's loophole #1!

And I'm going to get myself into a place where I can be accidentally shot by Cockeye!

That's loophole #2!

And many of the hoods involved in this crime who came to this island and shot it out with the police will be released for "insufficient evidence"! I thought shooting at a cop would at least be a misdemeanor!

And that's loophole #3!

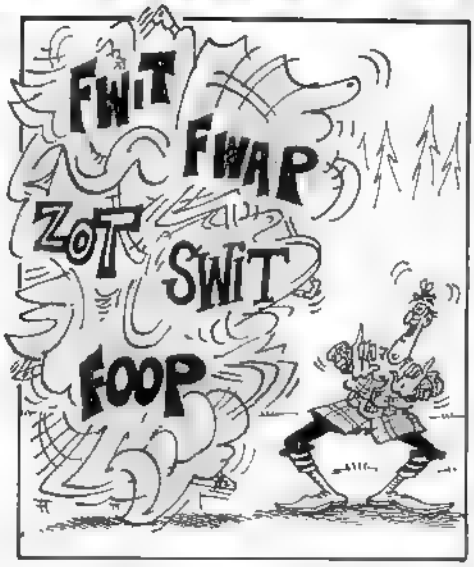
Well, anyway, on behalf of the American people, we want to thank you, Cockeye, for pursuing these criminals to the end!

Well, I appreciate the compliment, but it wasn't me alone! No, sir, it was a combination of guys . . . a regular potpourri of Dagos, Hebes, Fags, Spades, Polacks, Krauts . . .

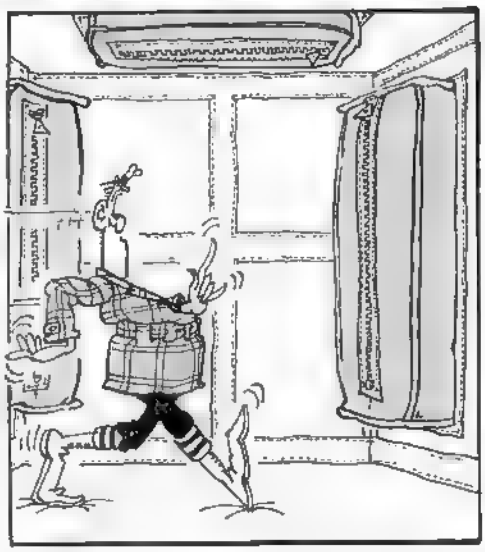
Yeah, but what's the connection??

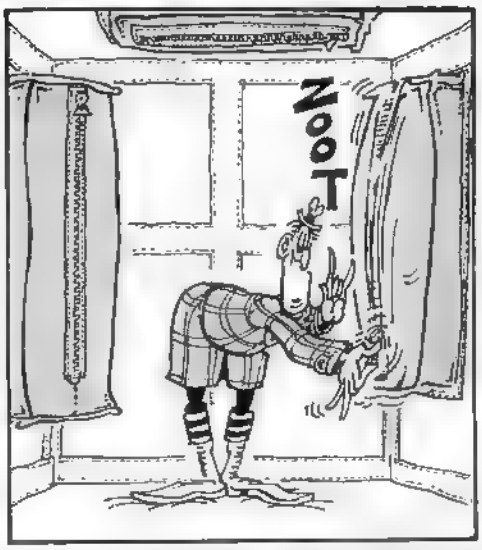
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE DAY AT C



AMPSITE 39-B




ZOOT

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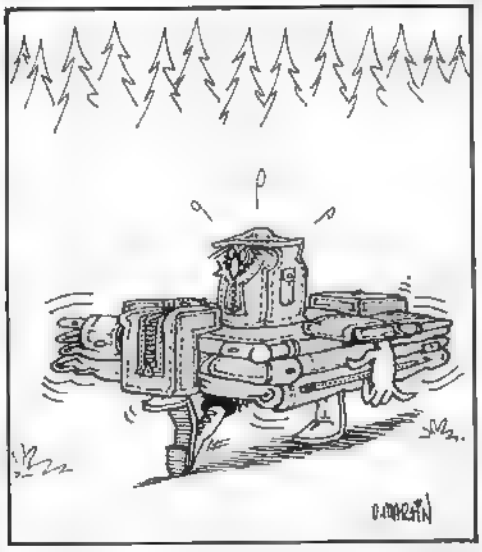
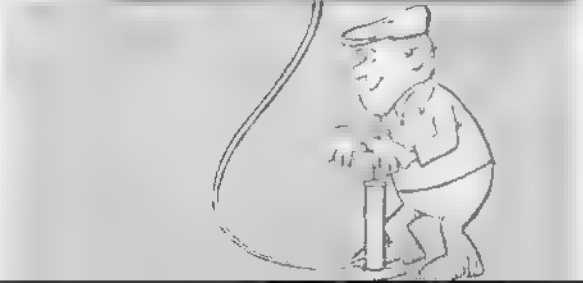


PHOTO-FINISHES DEPT.

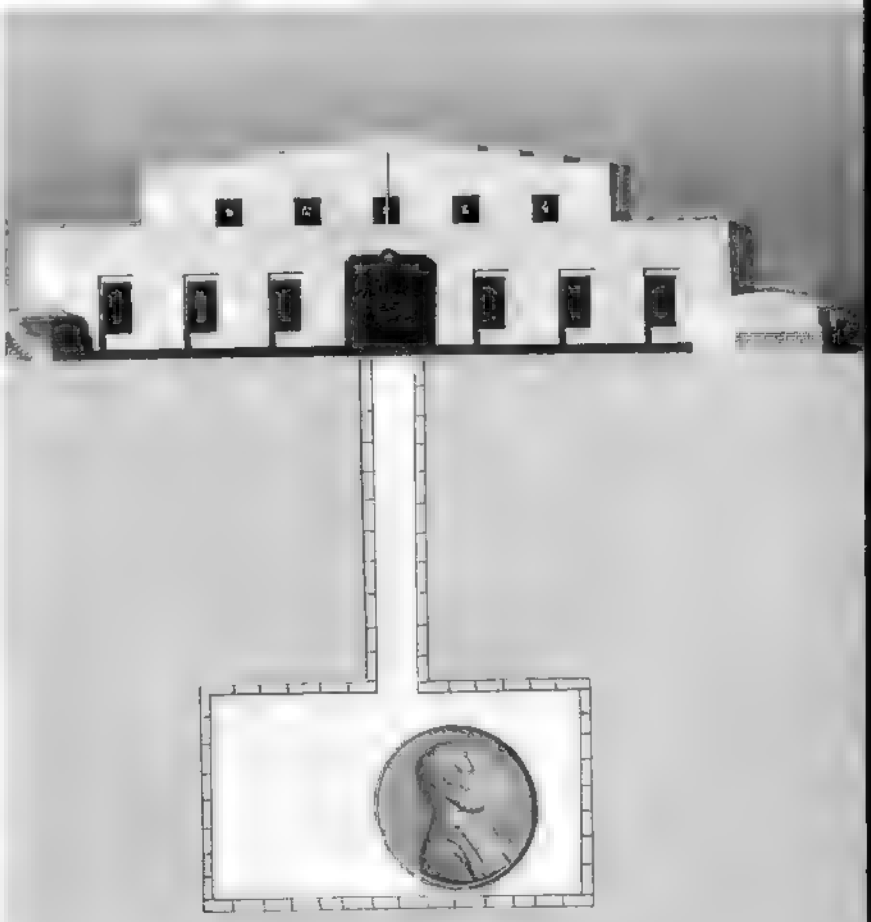
MAD PHO



PHOTOS BY UPI AND WORLD WIDE

TOONS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL

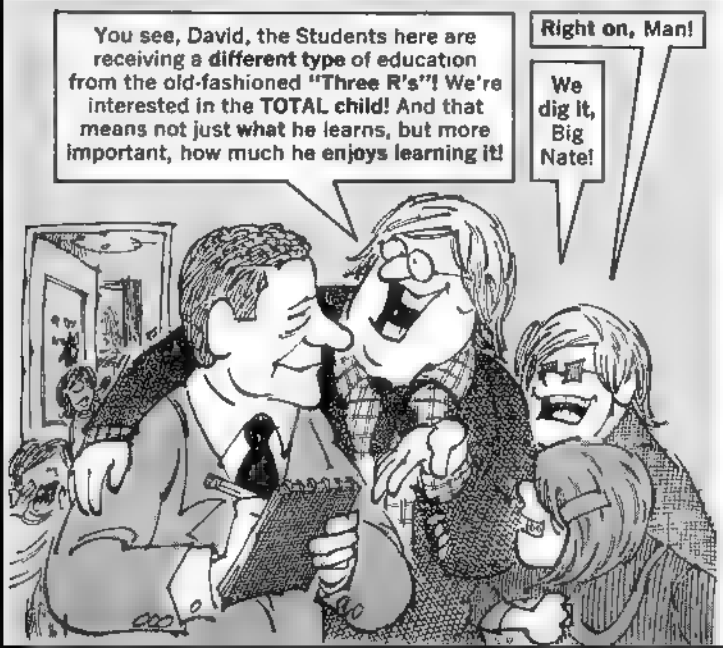


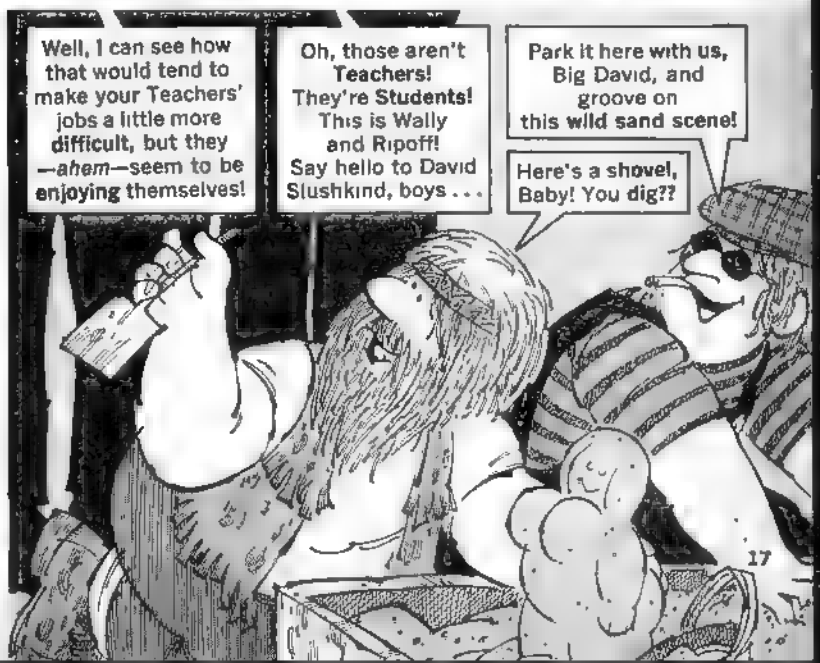
PROGRESSIVE JAZZ DEPT.

Hi! I'm **David Slushkind** . . . and I've been asked to conduct another of those idiotic interviews for **MAD Magazine!** In this issue, we'll be talking to **Mr. Nathan Chaos,** Principal of the **Nirvana Open School,** who has recently been named as

MAD'S EDUCATOR OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE





Aren't you boys kind of big to still be in Grade School?

Man, we like it here!

Like, I dropped out last year to do the "job" scene, and it's brutal on the outside! People telling you what to do . . . when to be at work . . . when to split for lunch! It was a drag, Man!

You better believe it! Baby, we ain't never gonna split from this Disneyland!

Yeah, we found ourselves a home here at old Nirvana!

Now, David, let's look in on a typical classroom!

Good Lord! There's a riot going on here!!

A riot!? Oh, heavens, no! This is a class in Self-Expression! It's one of the many courses students choose for themselves!

Well, don't these kids have to take any Required Courses?

Of course not! When a child is forced to study, it takes all the pleasure and fun out of the learning experience! The modern concept is: When a child feels like playing, let him play! And when a child feels like studying, let him study!

But . . . wouldn't most kids rather play than study?

At first, yes! But children have a natural curiosity, and we find that they eventually get bored with play and begin to express a desire to learn! That's when we place them in our "Reading-Readiness Class . . ."

See? These kids are here because they WANT to learn, not because some Teacher or Parent forced them!

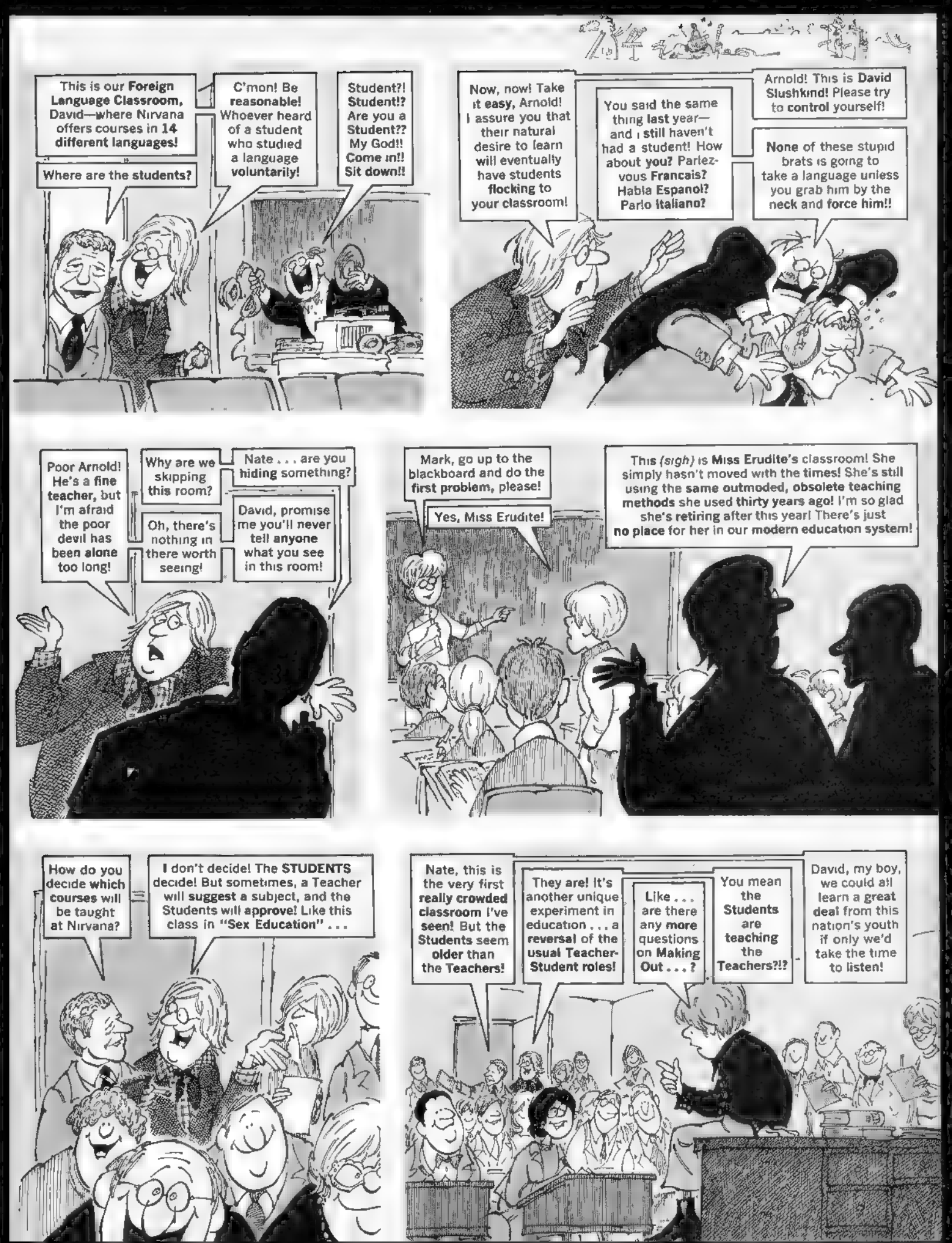
Aren't they a little too OLD to be learning to read?

You're NEVER too old to learn, David!

I'm especially proud of the new program we've instituted which has eliminated almost all racial problems here in Nirvana School! This is our "Black Studies" classroom!

But there are no Black Students in here!

See how effective our new program is?! Actually, Black Pressure Groups don't really care who takes the subjects, just as long as they are included in the curriculum!


This is our Foreign Language Classroom, David—where Nirvana offers courses in 14 different languages!
Where are the students?
C'mon! Be reasonable! Whoever heard of a student who studied a language voluntarily!
Student?! Student!? Are you a Student?? My God!! Come in!! Sit down!!
Now, now! Take it easy, Arnold! I assure you that their natural desire to learn will eventually have students flocking to your classroom!
You said the same thing last year—and I still haven't had a student! How about you? Parlez-vous Francais? Habla Espanol? Parlo Italiano?
Arnold! This is David Slushkind! Please try to control yourself!
None of these stupid brats is going to take a language unless you grab him by the neck and force him!!
Poor Arnold! He's a fine teacher, but I'm afraid the poor devil has been alone too long!
Why are we skipping this room?
Oh, there's nothing in there worth seeing!
Nate . . . are you hiding something?
David, promise me you'll never tell anyone what you see in this room!
Mark, go up to the blackboard and do the first problem, please!
Yes, Miss Erudite!
This (sigh) is Miss Erudite's classroom! She simply hasn't moved with the times! She's still using the same outmoded, obsolete teaching methods she used thirty years ago! I'm so glad she's retiring after this year! There's just no place for her in our modern education system!
How do you decide which courses will be taught at Nirvana?
I don't decide! The STUDENTS decide! But sometimes, a Teacher will suggest a subject, and the Students will approve! Like this class in "Sex Education" . . .
Nate, this is the very first really crowded classroom I've seen! But the Students seem older than the Teachers!
They are! It's another unique experiment in education . . . a reversal of the usual Teacher-Student roles!
Like . . . are there any more questions on Making Out . . . ?
You mean the Students are teaching the Teachers?!?
David, my boy, we could all learn a great deal from this nation's youth if only we'd take the time to listen!

As you can see, David, here at Nirvana School we make use of all the latest electronic equipment . . .
Hi! Welcome to Math, and Basic Electronic Engineering! Now, it probably seems to you that the kids are just sitting here, watching Daytime TV!
Well . . . yes, that IS the impression I get!
Ahh . . . but if you'll look a little closer, you'll see that when they turn the Channel Selector, they are using numbers! And when they adjust the control knobs, they are working sophisticated electronic equipment!
See, David? They're learning— AND they're enjoying it!
Hey, I'M not enjoying it! I HATE Game Shows! Turn the stupid channel!!
Sir, may I ask you a question? Do you have any Children?
I have four!
And do they all attend THIS school?
Are you kidding?!? They go to an old fashioned, strictly-structured school! When MY kids get out, they have to be able to earn a living! On what I make as a Teacher, I can't support them forever!
David this is one of the most Important members of our team . . . Eric, our School Psychologist . . .
I'm pleased to meet you, Eric!
Why are you pleased? You don't even know me! It's obvious you need professional help! No wonder your child can't read!
Uh . . . David isn't a complaining parent, Eric! He's here to interview us for a magazine!
Groovy, Man! I dig the media! How about a plug for my new book, "THE SENSUOUS PSYCHOLOGIST"?
Eric, suppose you have a child who refuses to attend classes! How would you deal with the problem?
WHAT problem?! Children are people! People have freedom of choice! And that includes the right NOT to be educated!
Hmmmm! I see that even this school has some discipline problems!
You mean THAT?! That has nothing to do with discipline! Those boys are getting rid of their aggressions and hostilities in a very normal, healthy manner!

But how about the poor boy who's being mugged?

Experiences like this will help him to adjust to the realities of our American Way of Life!

We do have ONE problem child, and even I can't seem to help the poor kid! I have a conference with his Mother now . . . which you may observe . . .

Hello, again, Mrs. Pitnoy! I regret telling you this . . but your son, Alec, simply isn't making progress! He is still a problem!

Oh, Eric! Where did we fail him! We gave him love! We gave him understanding! We encouraged him in whatever he did . . .

There, there, Mrs. Pitnoy! Don't punish yourself! How were you to know what harm you were doing the boy? Let me assure you that we —his teachers and I—will keep on trying to help him!

Tell me, what is actually wrong with the boy?

The kid's a real misfit! All he wants to do is read and study! He keeps bugging his Teachers with questions! Can you imagine what it would be like for a Teacher if ALL her students were like that?!

Hi, Eric! How's the Shrink business?

Crazy, Man!

Eric, aren't you afraid that this relaxation of discipline and lack of purpose might turn these children into neurotic adults?

I expect that most of them will end up wacked out of their skulls and badly in need of professional help!

Well, doesn't this trouble you at all?

Hey, Man! You think I'm gonna be a School Psychologist ALL my life?! I plan on going into Private Practice someday! That is where the real bread is! And I'm gonna need all the patients I can get! You dig?

Before I go, Nate, I'd like to ask one more question . . . aren't better-trained Teachers and smaller classes the real answer to all of our education problems!

Of course, that would go a long way toward solving the problems! But it would cost MONEY! We don't mind spending millions on highways, supersonic planes, missiles and moonshots . . . but NOT on our children's education!

That's right, David! Only in America does a school Janitor get more money than a a school Teacher!

Sometimes, more than a Principal!

For generations, college students have been struggling with the problem of writing home for extra money and coming up with the same general results: failure. Now, MAD has developed a foolproof formula for finagling a fast fifty from the folks. It consists of subtly tailoring your appeal to the prejudices,

THE ART OF WRITING

Emily Dickinson Hall

Dear Mom and Dad,

Good news! You can forget all about the $200 I mentioned needing for my sorority initiation fee. I've lined up a part-time job so I can earn the money myself. Mr. Bonducci (he's my new boss) says I probably can make $200 the very first week. Imagine!

Best of all, it won't interfere with my school work since I don't have to start sitting at the bar until 9 P.M. Then, Mr. Bonducci says all I have to do is "be nice" to men who want to buy me drinks and things. He says some of his girls make even more than $200 a week if they act real friendly to the customers.

Just wanted to dash off a quick note so you wouldn't worry any more about sending the $200 I need so desperately.

Your loving daughter,
Prudence

Dear Mother and Father,

I hope this finds you and members of the congregation all in good health. I was happy to hear that your prayers for new hymnals were answered, thus strengthening your belief in the power of the Almighty to provide.

I try to cling to the same faith, even though my plea for Divine help in guiding my classmates to the True Path still goes unheard.

Of course, it's hard to spread the Word around this whole campus without a car. I have located a serviceable MG-GT (in black, of course) that I could get for $25 down. But so far, my prayers for even this small amount (plus tax and license) have gone unanswered.

It's hard to understand why Providence lets others live in sin and darkness just because I can't reach them in a small, cheap car. Also, I note that many Jewish and atheist students get cars without even praying for them, and hope this doesn't cause me to re-consider my own position.

Your loving son,
Joshua

BERT FALVY

Experienced Student Call Day or Night

ITEMS CHARGED TO Mr. & Mrs. Herbert Falvy, Sr.

ADDRESS c/o A-1 Auto Repair Shop, Newton, Ind.

3 Gerwitt palzers (#07J3251)	5.40
Refurbish finnick	12.00
Replace #774R middle timer	11.50
Klemork alignment valve (retch & refit)	7.00
Labor	22.00
Tax and misc. etc.	3.47
	$61.37 PLEASE REMIT

fears, aspirations and dull occupational interests of your own particular set of parents. In other words, simply put it in terms they can understand, and they'll fork over every time! If you have any doubts, just check over these examples of sure-fire winners, and you too, can soon be achieving success in . . .

HOME FOR MONEY

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Dear Father:

Realizing the time pressure of your legal practice, I regret the need for further correspondence regarding the groovy $85 jacket I wrote about recently. However, in denying my appeal for funds, you have stated that "the very idea of a jacket being worth $85 is unprecedented."

In rebuttal, I wish to cite as my precedent the case of TENNESSEE vs. MUHLFORD (Vol. 38, Tenn. Cir. Court, pg. 847). In this criminal proceeding, one Virgil I. Muhlford was convicted on a grand theft felony count for stealing a jacket valued at $110 from a Chattanooga men's shop on or about May 11, 1967.

True, the verdict was reversed on appeal (see MUHLFORD vs. TENNESSEE, Vol. 42, Tenn. Sup. Court, pg. 306), but even then, the case was dismissed solely because Muhlford was innocent; not because the jacket had been over-priced at $110.

Therefore, I allege that $85 would constitute a proper settlement in the matter now under consideration, and trust that your check in that amount will be forthcoming immediately.

Yours very truly,

Sonny

Dear Folks:

I was delighted to hear that Dad finally managed to sell off the last of those 60 "retirement home lots" in his Everglades Estates development. I too, have some good news to report:

Now, for a LIMITED TIME ONLY, you can participate in America's fast growing

RECREATION BOOM

for the unheard of low, low price of only $179.95! Yes, you read it right, friends. A mere $179.95 is all it will take to finance my social activities

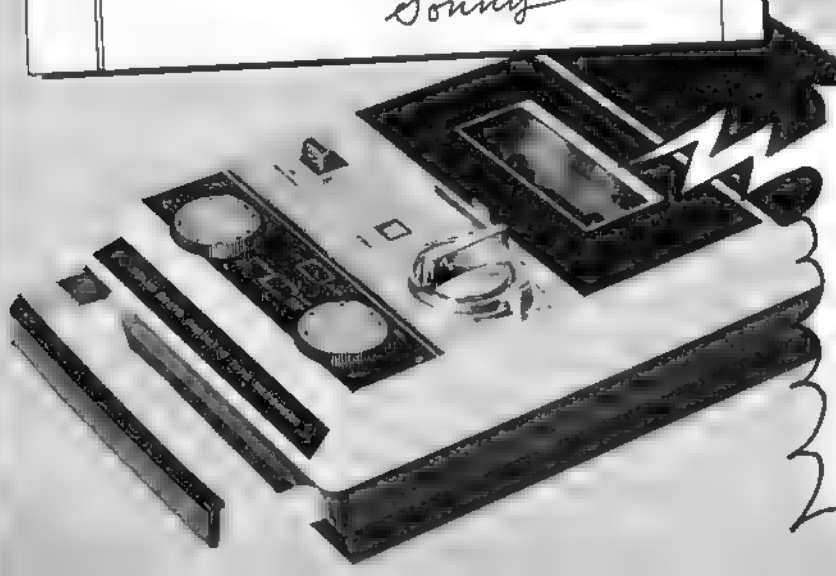
FOR AN ENTIRE SEMESTER!

Now think of it! Just $179.95 PAYS FOR EVERYTHING for your son in a fraternity house where neighboring students are demanding $300--$400 --even $500 from their parents!

But you must ACT QUICKLY to take full advantage of this great OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME. Such an offer can't last long. And believe me, friends, the price will NEVER be lower. So... ACT NOW! Mail that check for $179.95 TODAY! You'll be glad you did.

Fondly,

Gerald



Deah Big Daddy . . . I do declare that y'all were sure 'nuff **right** in wawnin' me this Nawthuhn college wouldn't be nuthin' but a **hotbed** of **pointy headed radicals.** I sweah, a propah-bred young Suthuhn lady like me nevah heard tell of such goin's on. They got **Nigras** in most **all** my classes, includin' some of 'em **men.** And I declare, nobody seems to think a **thing** about it. I'd truly admire to fly a **Confederate flag** out my dawmitawry windah so's none of them Nigra men would **dare** come round. And Lawd knows, I'd love to be passin' out **Wallace buttons** to all the tacky, misguided white trash that's heah. Of cawse, it'd take maybe **thuty or fawty dollahs** to **alert** everybody to the **menace** befaw it's **too late.** And it just makes me downright **sick** I can't affawd to do it. So I guess I'll just have to stand aside and watch all our **hallowed traditions die.** Your devoted dawtah . . .
Annabelle Maudie Lou

S

Dear folks,

Glad to get your letter and learn that Pop's business has been so good he's bought two new service trucks for the TV repair shop.

No such good news to report from here, I'm afraid. Last month, I took my plaid skirt in to be cleaned and have a broken snap replaced. As it turned out, the snap was an old 3/16-inch type, and they had to send back to the factory for a replacement. Then, they had to place a special order for #387KL24 orange thread to repair the hem. And worst of all, the cleaner said the main zipper was weak and might go out anytime. He said I'd better have his best quality stainless steel replacement (with 24-month warranty) put in right away.

I didn't know anything about it, so I took his advice. Therefore, please send $58.75 so I can get my skirt out of the cleaner's.

Love,
Shirley

NORMAN C. UNDERSHAW ΣΔΦ
REGISTERED STUDENT
Michigan State University

Doctor & Mrs. W. W. Undershaw
Saginaw, Mich.

Dear Parents:

As you will note from the enclosed statement, you are now being billed an additional $25 per month for Social Involvement Experimentation, Co-ed Consultation fees and Misc. Making Out.

Unfortunately, it is not possible to explain these items in simple terms which the adult can understand. However, I'm sure you are aware that the cost of first-rate adolescence, like everything else, has increased greatly.

Also, I am certain that you wish to continue to be provided with the most experienced offspring that money can buy.

Therefore, please remit at your earliest convenience. If you have any questions regarding this matter, feel free to call and discuss them with my answering service.

Very sincerely yours,
Norman C. Undershaw RS.

Dad--
Thought you might be able to use this in your next issue!
Rudy

---

25 Oct. 1972
0830 Hours

Brig. Gen. & Mrs. Zachary L. Frobisher
1427 Pentagon Parkway
Washington, D.C.

Now hear this!

1. Notification is hereby made of the expanding "first strike" social capability of monolithic international Communism at this strategic U. of C. dormitory location.
2. Exchange students from Bulgaria living across the hall have been observed stockpiling a huge arsenal of mod slacks, sport shirts and suede jackets for the assumed purpose of making out with defenseless females.
3. In order to mount a major retaliatory effort on behalf of the free world, it is recommended that your office approve a supplemental wardrobe appropriation at once.
4. I am aware, sir, that my clothing allotment for the current budget year already has been expended, but it now appears that actions of the atheistic Marxist conspiracy have left me dangerously under-funded. Therefore, I appeal for an additional $100 immediately to re-affirm the superiority of our American way.

Respectfully submitted
Z. L. Frobisher, III
Z.L. Frobisher III

PUBLISHER'S SON LATEST SPEED TRAP VICTIM

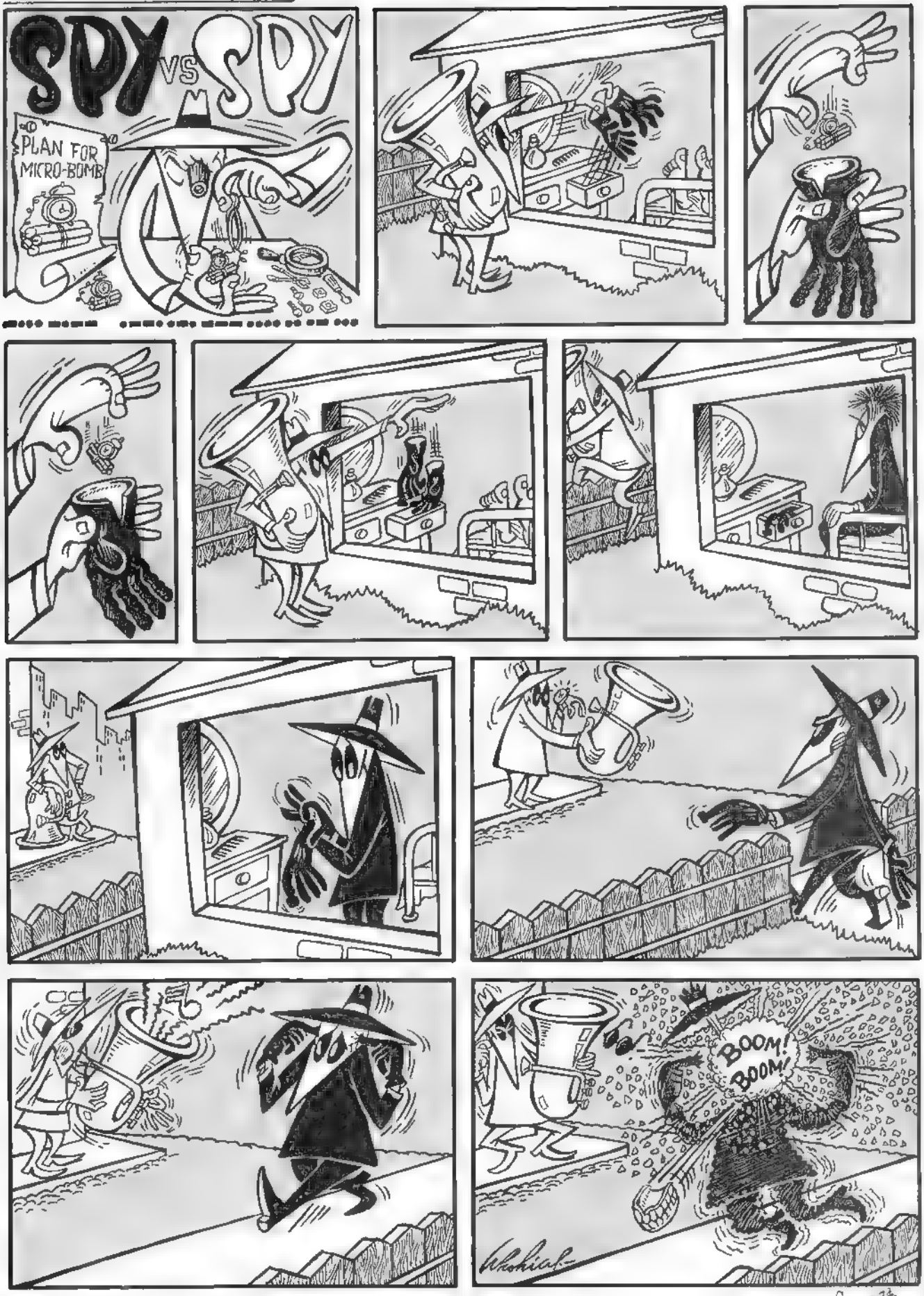
Champaign, Ill., Oct. 14 -- Rudolph C. Whittleby, son of the editor and publisher of the Weekly Advocate, today became the latest victim of the notorious speed trap set up by police in this city.

The clean cut young student was ticketed for allegedly driving 67 miles an hour on a deserted suburban street where a 30-mile limit had been maliciously posted. Police denied that Whittleby was singled out for harassment because of his father's well-known, courageous editorial stand on behalf of justice and fair play. However, arresting officers admitted that the $45 fine levied for the minor infraction was "somewhat high".

The youth indicated that he lacked funds to buy his way out of the bum rap, but he expressed hope that relatives would come to his aid rather than let him go to jail and rot.

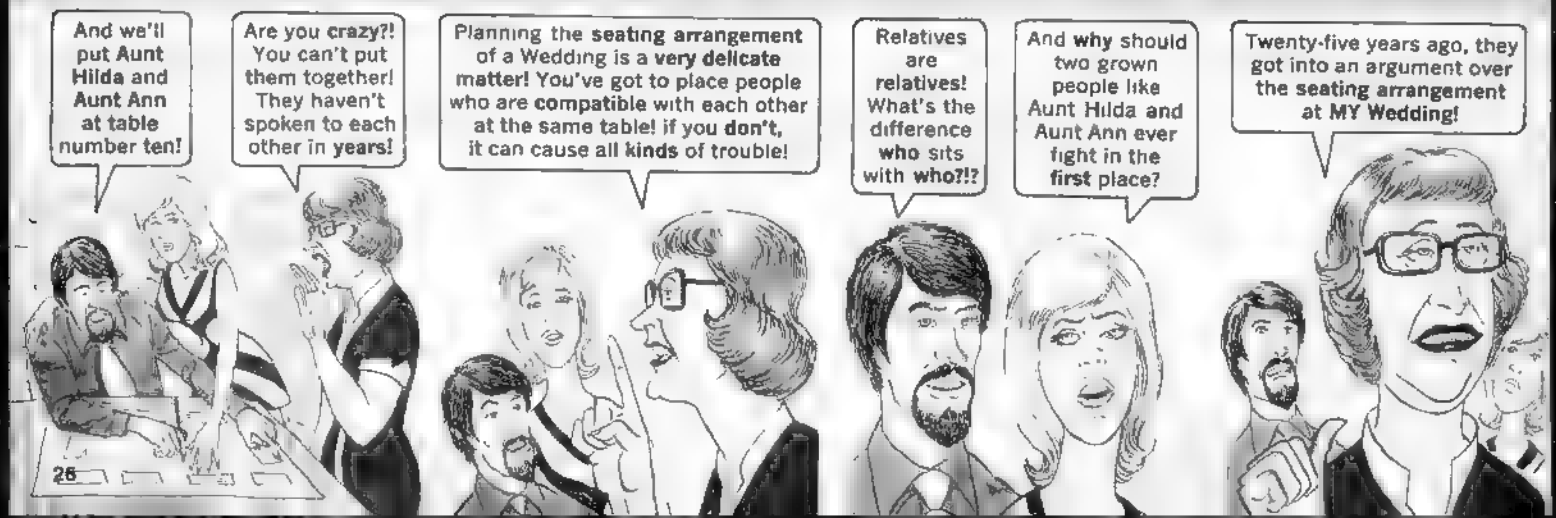
-30-

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART 1



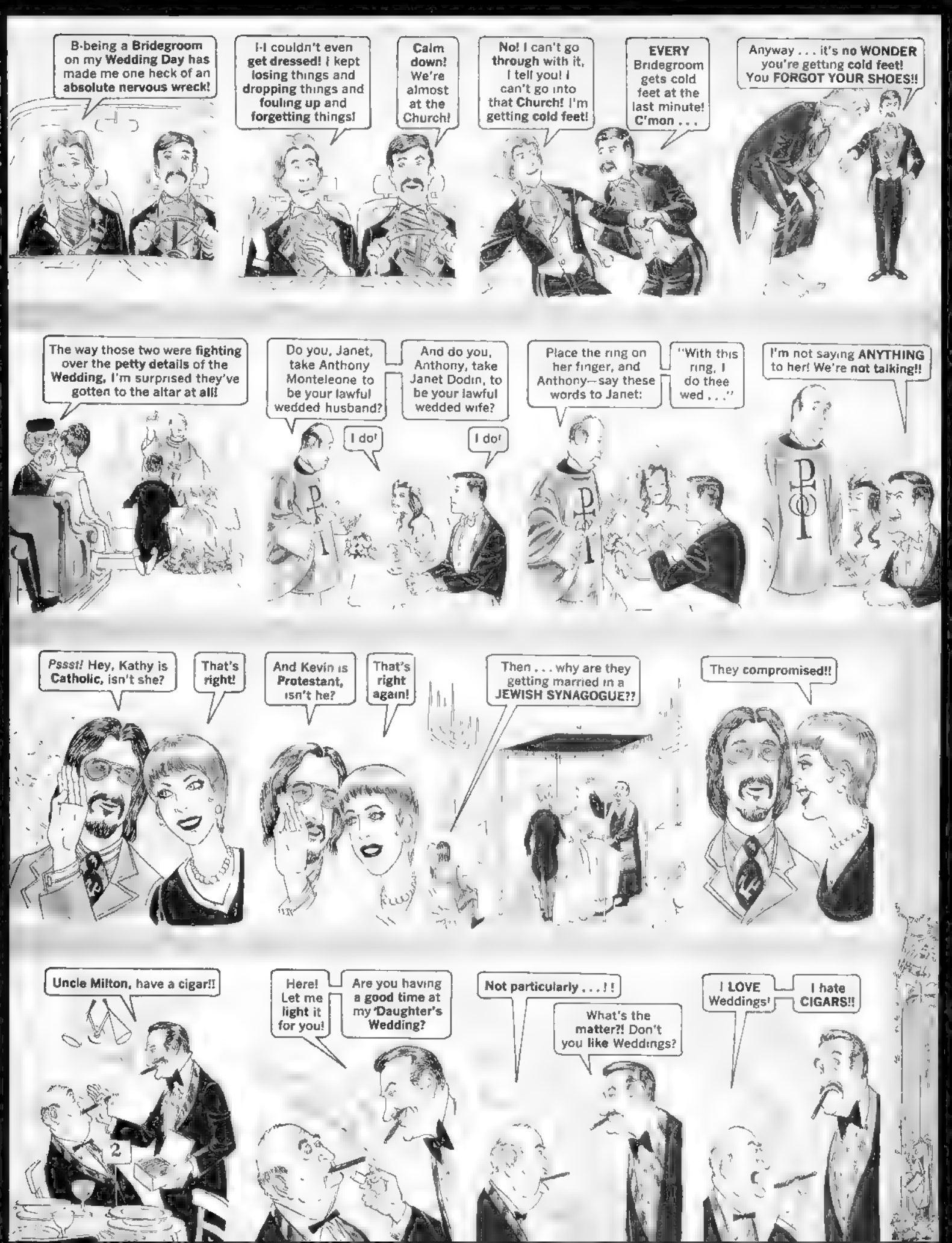
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... WE



DDINGS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG


B-being a Bridegroom on my Wedding Day has made me one heck of an absolute nervous wreck!
I-I couldn't even get dressed! I kept losing things and dropping things and fouling up and forgetting things!
Calm down! We're almost at the Church!
No! I can't go through with it, I tell you! I can't go into that Church! I'm getting cold feet!
EVERY Bridegroom gets cold feet at the last minute! C'mon . . .
Anyway . . . it's no WONDER you're getting cold feet! You FORGOT YOUR SHOES!!
The way those two were fighting over the petty details of the Wedding, I'm surprised they've gotten to the altar at all!
Do you, Janet, take Anthony Monteleone to be your lawful wedded husband?
I do!
And do you, Anthony, take Janet Dodin, to be your lawful wedded wife?
I do!
Place the ring on her finger, and Anthony—say these words to Janet:
"With this ring, I do thee wed . . ."
I'm not saying ANYTHING to her! We're not talking!!
Pssst! Hey, Kathy is Catholic, isn't she?
That's right!
And Kevin is Protestant, isn't he?
That's right again!
Then . . . why are they getting married in a JEWISH SYNAGOGUE??
They compromised!!
Uncle Milton, have a cigar!!
Here! Let me light it for you!
Are you having a good time at my Daughter's Wedding?
Not particularly . . . ! !
What's the matter?! Don't you like Weddings?
I LOVE Weddings!
I hate CIGARS!!

Young folks' clothes are so ridiculous these days that it's a welcome change to see them dressed nice and formal for a Wedding!
Here comes the Bride! Isn't she beautiful?!?
And here comes the Groom! Isn't he . . .
. . . RIDICULOUS!?!
And do you, Alan Weiss, take Susan Bates to be—
Pssst!
What happened? Why did the Priest suddenly stop the ceremony . . . ?
A higher authority just ordered a temporary halt to the proceedings!
What's higher than a Priest?
The Photographer! He ran out of film!!
Oh, boy! Look at this spread! Everything I love! Chopped liver, hors d'oeuvres, pigs in blankets, chow mein, spare ribs, potted meatballs . . .
. . . marinated herring, shrimps, lobster salad, shishkabob, roast beef, fruit salad, jello . . .
. . . and all the drinks I want!
Okay! Enough already with the fancy Reception Table!
WHEN DO WE EAT?!?
Mr. Bandleader, for the first dance—where my Bride and I dance together for the first time as Man and Wife—we'd like you to play a special number . . . one we are very sentimental about! It's, like, OUR SONG!
Surely! What is it . . . ?
SOCK IT TO ME, BABY!

Aren't you going to carry me over the threshold?
What for?! It's a stupid ritual symbolizing the ancient custom of stealing a bride by force!
Really? Come to think of it, I DID steal you away from that tramp, Lillian Slutny!
Hurry up!
What's the rush?
Close the hotel door already! I can't wait!!
Hey! We've been living together for two years—remember?!?
Quick! Take off your jacket! I'm burning with anticipation!
Gee, I haven't turned you on like this since I don't know when!
Don't be ridiculous! I'm anxious to count how much we got in Wedding presents!
Hello! Do you remember us?
Er—let's see! Oh, yes! The Martinson and Field couple! How are you doing?
Fantastic! We had a great Honeymoon and we're expecting in early February!
Good! Bless you, my children!
Do you know who that man is! He married us!
MARRIED you?!? Funny, he doesn't LOOK like a Judge or a Clergyman!
He's not! He was the BANDLEADER!!
Y-you mean that you two kids are living together without benefit of a legal and formal Wedding?
Sure! Why not? A legal and formal Wedding is just a ritual and a piece of paper! What good is it?
I'll tell you what good it is! It's good for your soul! It's good for your conscience! It's good for your parents' peace of mind! It's good for your children to come! It's good for your self-respect . . .
. . . AND IT'S GOOD FOR BUSINESS!!
MATERNITY SHOP
Brick Shop
TUX RENTAL
GIFTS
PRATER
Flowers
CATERERS

SPY vs SPY
CLICK
TICK
TICK
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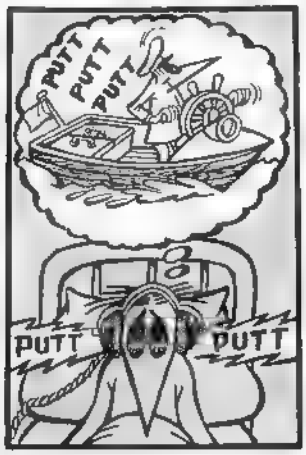
TICK

SPLASH!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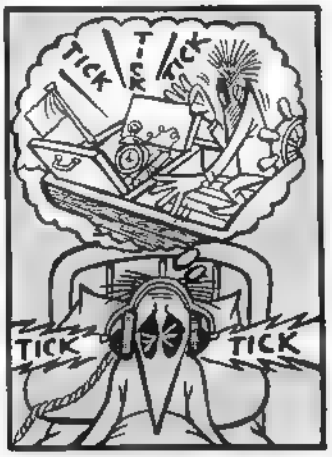
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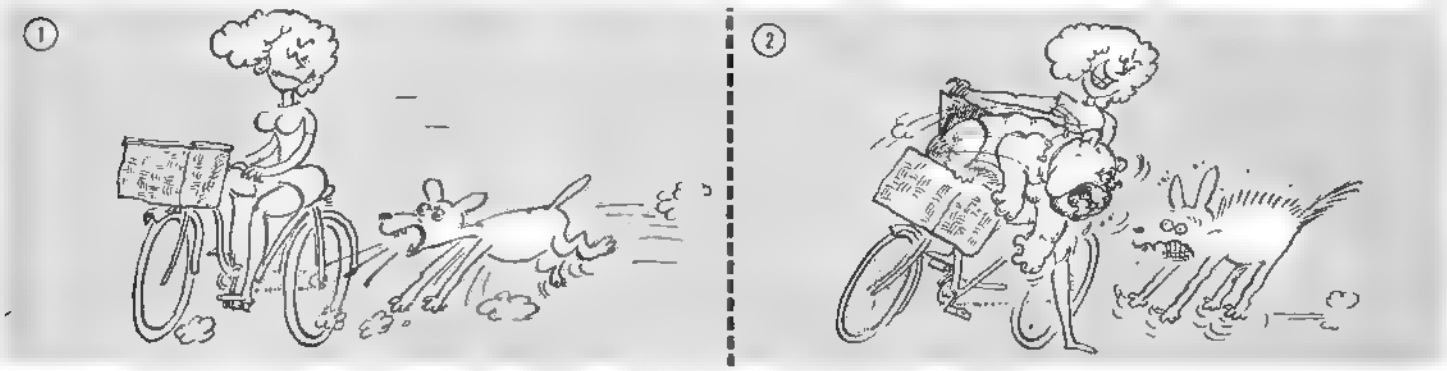
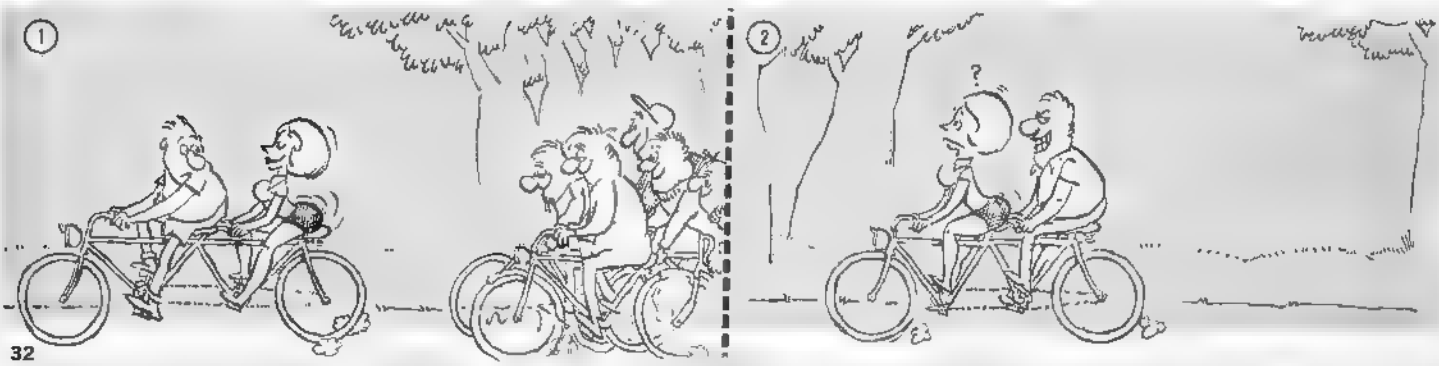
SPLASH!
SPLASH!

CHAIN REACTION DEPT.

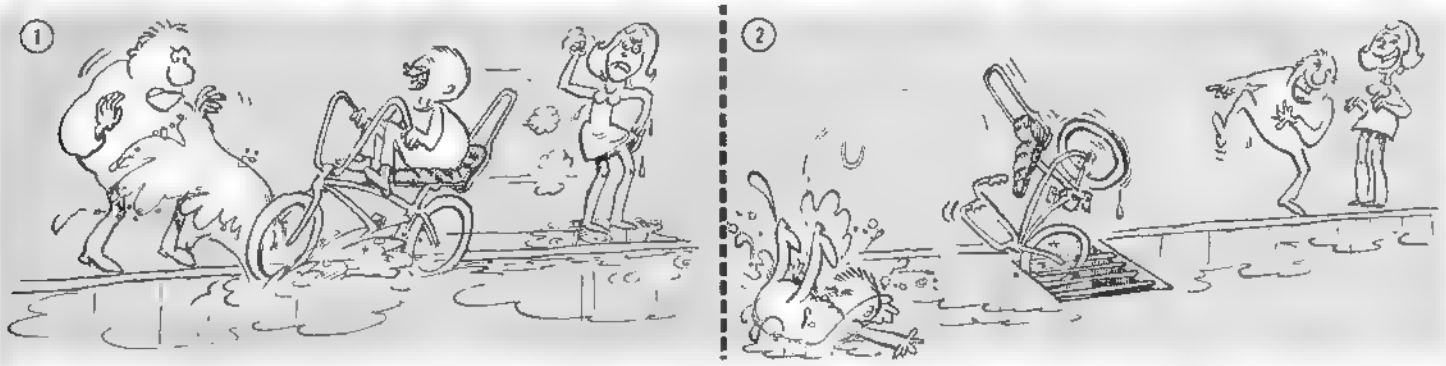
A MAD LOOK

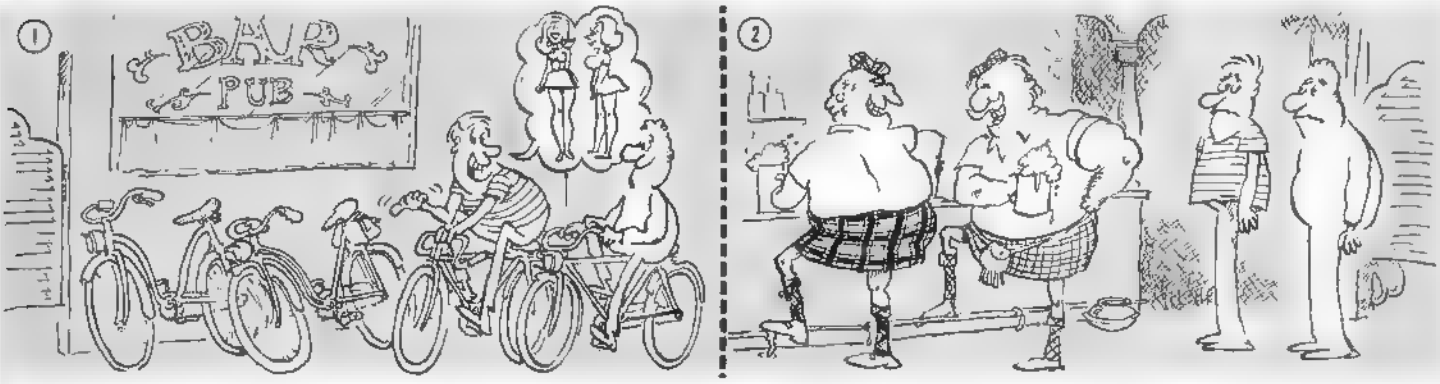


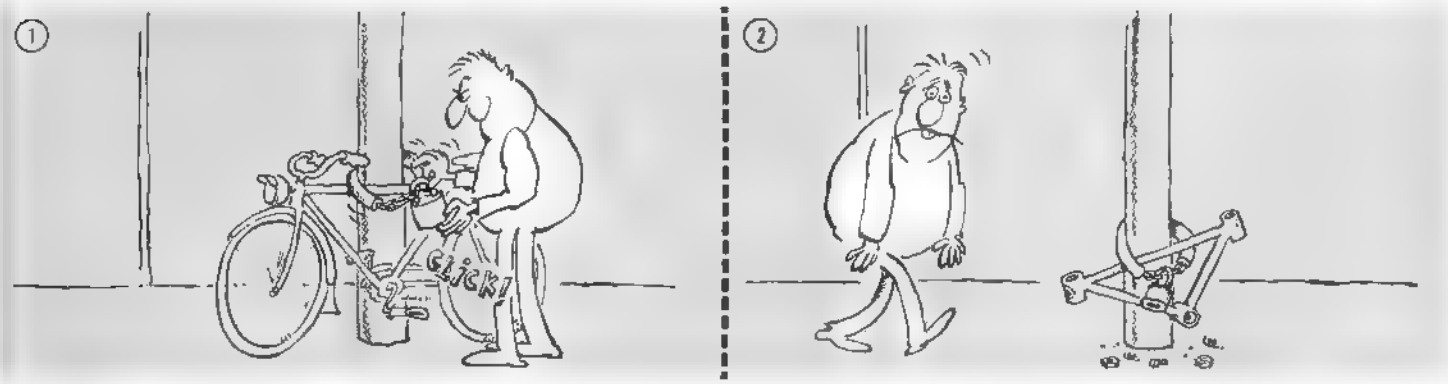
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

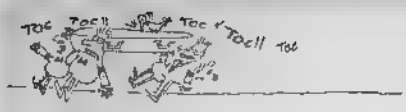


AT BICYCLING









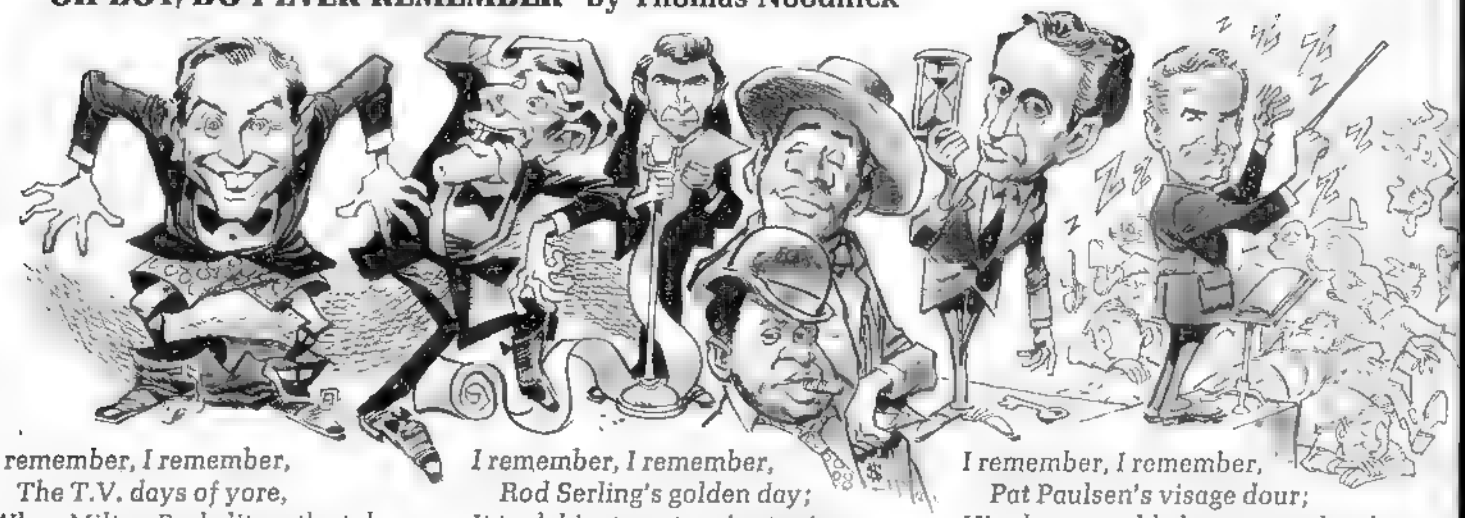
NETWORK-OVER DEPT.

For years, scholars have been bemoaning the fact that most people would rather watch television than read classical literature. To us at MAD, the reason is obvious.

A TREASURY OF TELEV

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

OH BOY, DO I EVER REMEMBER by Thomas Noodnick



I remember, I remember,
The T.V. days of yore,
When Milton Berle lit up the tube
With jokes and laughs galore;
And Jerry Lewis would perform
With great good taste and tact,
The highlight of his weekly show:
A spastic moron act.

I remember, I remember,
Rod Serling's golden day;
It took him twenty minutes just
To introduce a play.
Then Andy and the Kingfish came,
Two comics for the books;
They showed with great hilarity
All colored folks are crooks.

I remember, I remember,
Pat Paulsen's visage dour;
His show would always start low key,
And stay there half an hour.
And surely, music fans recall
The old Fred Waring Show,
With fifty Pennsylvanians,
All playing very slow.

MARY TYLER MOORE
by James Flitcan Wryly

Mary Tyler Moore is in the newsroom to stay,
To decorate the teletypes with flowers bright and gay.
And sometimes in the evening, when the local news is done,
We sit amid the ticker tape and have the mostest fun.
Then Mister Grant brings out the booze, and screams his lusty cry,
And all the fellahs swear a lot, and Mary bakes a pie.

Then we all reminisce about the golden days of yore,
When Lou typed up the sports report, and Ted mis-read each score;
And Murray worked to help the fuzz seek out the Fogel bunch,
While, graciously, the gang was taking Mary out to lunch.

Still, Mary's handy 'round the place as any girl might be,
Forever chatting on the phone or brewing pots of tea.
And when she's told to hurriedly find something in the file,
She always greets the order with a charming, vacant smile.

A newsman's life may be your lot before your days are through.
And who's to say some pretty girl won't seek a job from you?
So best be on your guard if you've a mind what you're about,
'Cause Mary Tyler Moore'll get you if you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Until now, there hasn't been any classical literature dealing with the average person's favorite subject: television. The crying need finally is met as we herewith present . . .

ISION POETRY AND PROSE

WRITER: TOM KOCH

I remember, I remember,
Pat Buttram and Pat Boone,
The Munsters and Car Fifty-four,
And Snooky Lanson's tune.
And when I sit and meditate
Upon the shows we've had,
I realize that TV today
Is really not so bad.

BLABBING FOR CASH ON A SNOWY EVENING

by Robert Permafrost

Which talk show's this? I sure don't know!
My agent just said be here, so—
Near Johnny, Dick or Merv I'll sit,
And prattle on with sparkling wit.

I'll throw in dirty words to bleep,
For I've a contract I must keep,
And hours to talk before I sleep,
And hours to talk before I sleep.

DAVID, DEAR DAVID

by John Chancelor

David, dear David, please stop talking now!
You've babbled for half of the show.
Your "Journal" is only your view of events,
While I give the news, as you know.
Three items I've cut of major import,
Along with a film from Saigon,
While you've been predicting what Agnew might say
Next month when he visits Ceylon.
Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!
Please, David, dear David, shut up!

David, dear David, you're still rambling on!
You're ten minutes over your time.
Name-dropping each big shot who's your personal friend.
I've news of the year's biggest crime:
Twelve people were killed in mid-town New York,
Including the heir to a crown.
It's earth-shaking news I'd sure like to report;
I can't because you won't pipe down.
Pipe down! Pipe down! Pipe down!
Please, David, dear David, pipe down!

David, dear David, I still hear your voice!
It's almost the end of the show.
The President just gave a major address,
Our audience might like to know.
The highlights we filmed, but can't show them now,
Because of the way you've blabbed on.
Tomorrow, perhaps, I can give today's news,
But right now, our time is all gone.
Sign off! Sign off! Sign off!
Please, David, dear David, sign off!

PREAMBLE TO MIKE CONNORS' CONTRACT

We, the producers of "Mannix," in order to film a more violent program, depict the evasion of justice, insure scenes of perpetual hostility, provide for weekly groin-kicking of the defenseless, portray eternal gangland warfare, and secure the blessings of affluence to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this contract for Mike Connors, on condition that he miraculously survive the trompings, shootings and concussions accorded him by our adventure-loving script writers.

THE BALLAD OF SHOWS THAT FAIL

by Oscar "Wild" Ideas

High in the halls of C.B.S.,
We met that fateful day,
To learn the schedule for the fall:
Which shows would go or stay?
And though each man feigned confidence,
Each face was prison grey.

We filed into the Conference Room;
Each tried to mask his fear,
But nervous coughing filled the air
As zero hour drew near.
And soon, the pounding of my heart
Was all that I could hear.

In time, the Program Chief arrived,
A man of steely eye;
And as he glared at one doomed soul,
I heard a stifled cry.
"I'll make this brief," our leader said.
"'Green Acres' has to die!"

Some felt relief that they'd been spared,
While tears were shed by some,
And others sat there glassy-eyed
As if they'd been struck dumb.
Beside me, one wretch murmured, "wait!
The worst is yet to come!"

At least, the Program Chief went on;
His tone was sad and slow:
"To tell the truth, we've put the axe
To every rural show.
I won't delve into reasons now,
But 'Hee Haw' has to go!

"'The Beverly Hillbillies', too,
Have just closed out their stay,
And I decree the Clampett clan
Shall all be put away.
Let's hear no more of squirrel stew
Henceforward from today!

"In truth, I loved those rural shows;
Each yokel I adored.
But each man kills the thing he loves
By look or word or sword.
Some kill for gold; some kill for lust;
Some just because they're bored.

"Some men kill for the joy of it,
To watch the blood ooze pink.
But I kill for a reason that
Is different than you'd think.
I've only killed these shows because
The ratings say they stink!"

WIRETAP FEVER
by Greg Morris

I must go out and bug phones again
In the home of some evil guy,
And all I ask is a fake I.D.
So the guards will let me by.

I must go down to the basement, too.
Where the wiring all will be;
And I'll change each fuse and pull each plug
'Til this hostile land's set free.

I've never known how a tyrant thinks,
Or what lights his inner fires.
I only know that he'll flee in fear
Once he finds I've switched his wires.

MATT DILLON, MY SON
by Mrs. M. J. Dillon, Sr.

"O where ha'e ye been, Matt Dillon, my son?
O where ha'e ye been, my lanky young man?"
"I got shot near Topeka at least sixteen times.
Now I'm weary wi' bleeding, and fain wald lie down."

"Why rode ye so far, Matt Dillon, my son?
Topeka's not close, my tin-badged young man."
"When Sioux warriors pursue me, I go where I'm chased.
Now pull out these darned arrows so I can lie down."

"Ye fought with the Sioux, Matt Dillon, my son?
There's none within miles, my roving young man!"
"When some crooks tried to hang me, I fled the wrong way.
Get this rope off my neck now; I fain wald lie down."

"Why seek out danger, Matt Dillon, my son?
Why not stay in Dodge, my foolish young man?"
"I must roam o'er the prairie each third episode.
'Tis a clause in my contract. Now let me lie down."

"But 'Gunsmoke's' filmed here, Matt Dillon, my son!
How come you blow town, my mixed up young man?"
"So I need but appear in two shows out of three.
To be frank, Ma, I'm lazy, so let me lie down."

LINCOLN'S UPDATED CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Four years and thirteen weeks ago, our network foisted off upon this nation "The Doris Day Show," conceived by one of the producer's children, and dedicated to the proposition that all viewers are idiots. Now we are engaged in a great ratings war, testing whether this program, or any program so conceived and so dedicated, can endure for five or six more seasons.

We are met today on the C.B.S. parking lot. We have come to dedicate a portion of that lot in memory of those who gladly jumped out windows rather than watch even one more hilarious episode of the fun-filled mis-adventure of a gorgeous, irresistible, middle-aged career girl and her two adorable moppets.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this asphalt. Rather, it is for us, the living, to here highly resolve that the "Doris Day Show" shall have a new burst of sponsorship, and that drivel of the people, by the people and for our profit shall not perish from the tube.

HOWARD AT THE MIKE
by Ernetht Lawrenth Thayer

The Colts opposed the Cowboys on an autumn Monday night,
And thousands gathered in the stands to watch the gala sight;
For who would win this awesome clash, no one for sure could tell,
Except, of course, that visionary: A.B.C.'s Cosell.

For never once had Howard failed to keenly analyze
Each move and bit of strategy, for Howard was all-wise.
Oft-times, his voice betrayed the fact he found the game a bore,
For, in advance, he'd sensed each play and guessed the final score.

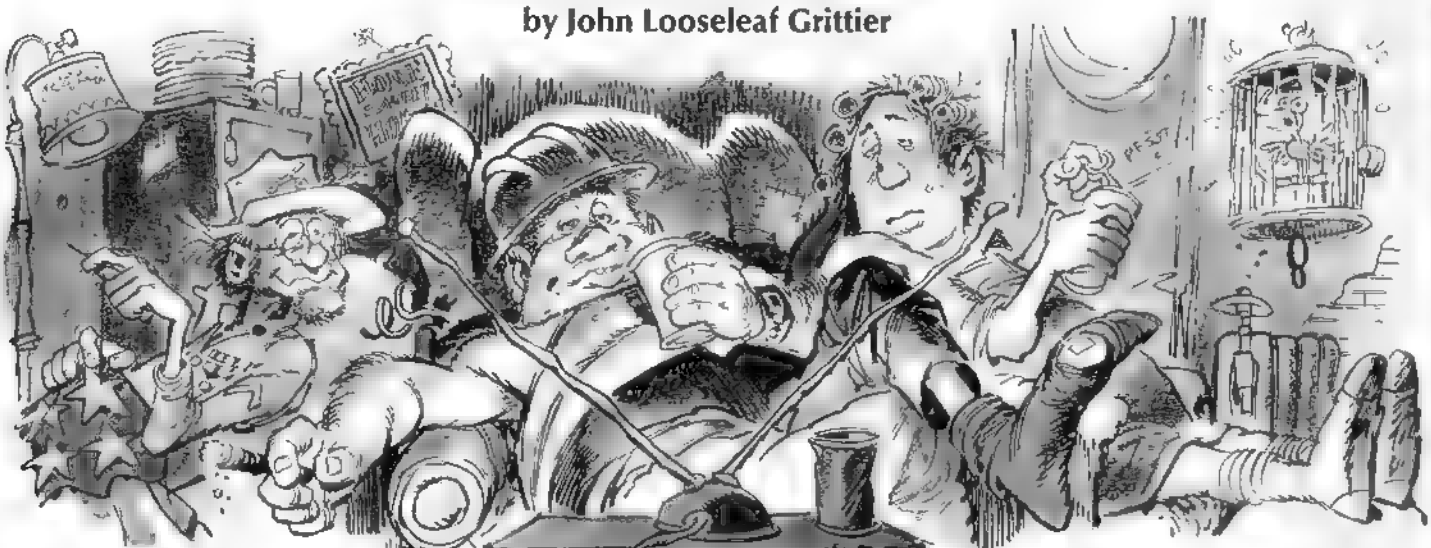
This Monday night found him prepared to share his wizardry
With all the stupid slobs at home, now watching on TV.
"The Colts' defense," Cosell intoned, "will take an awful toll!"
Then, Dallas ran the opening kick-off back to score a goal.

A moment later, Baltimore was on the Dallas two.
"They'll smash off tackle," said Cosell. "I'm sure that's what they'll do!"
Instead, the Colts fired off a pass that scored a quick T.D.
"A rotten call there," Howard said. "Not one approved by me!"

Then, just before the halftime gun, the Colts faced third and five.
"They've got to pass," announced Cosell, "to keep this march alive!"
But Baltimore stayed on the ground and gained a first and ten.
Cosell screamed out in righteous rage, "Their coach has goofed again!"

And so it went for Howard through the whole disastrous fray.
His only good prediction came on what the band would play.
Next morn, he got his notice he'd been fired by A.B.C.
"A grave mistake," he said. "It seems the whole world's wrong but me!"

ODE TO "ALL IN THE FAMILY"
by John Looseleaf Grittier

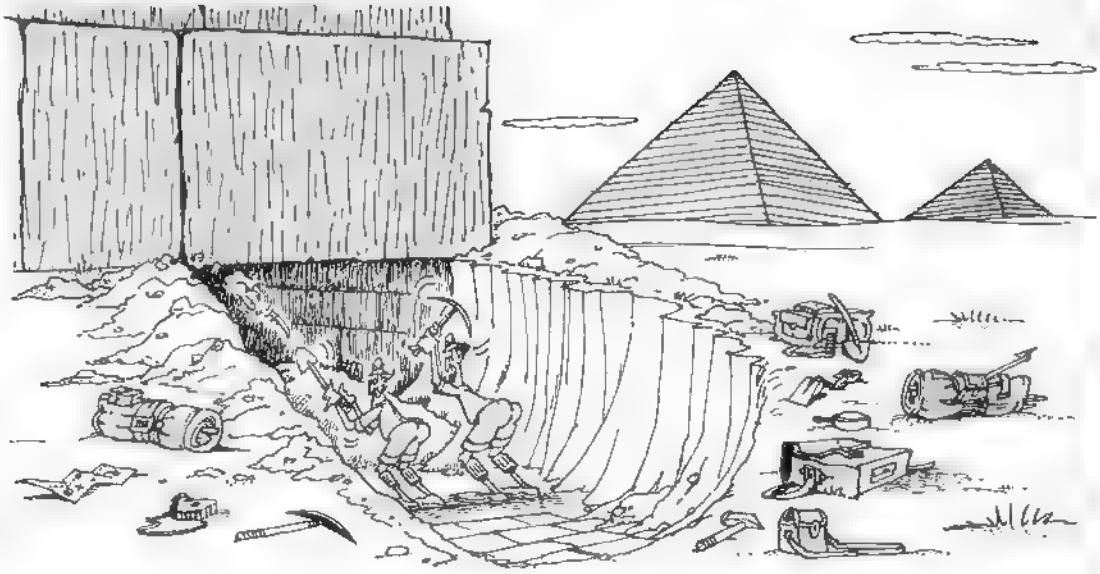


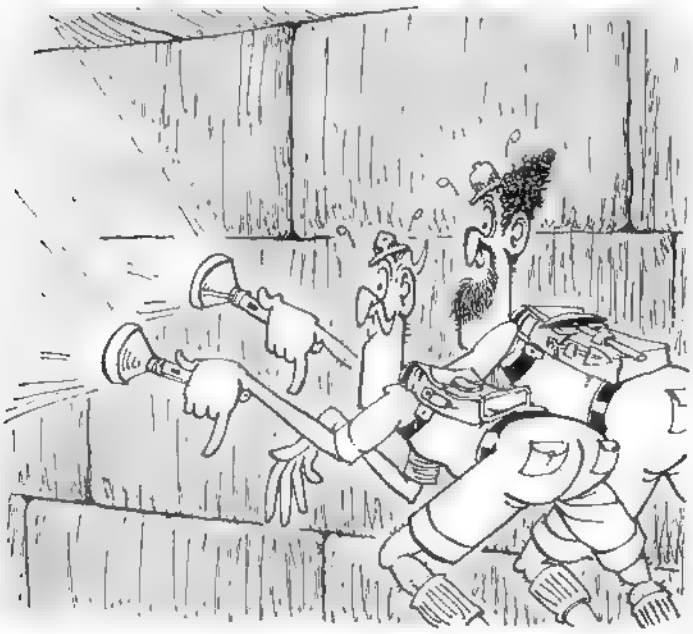
Blessings on thee, hard hat man!
I'm an Archie Bunker fan,
Proud to watch you on T.V.
Speaking up for bigotry.
In my mind, you are the tops,
Ranting out against the Wops;
Warning of the Commie goons;
Choosing not to mix with Coons.
Though I'm sure it can't show through,
I was once a Bigot, too.

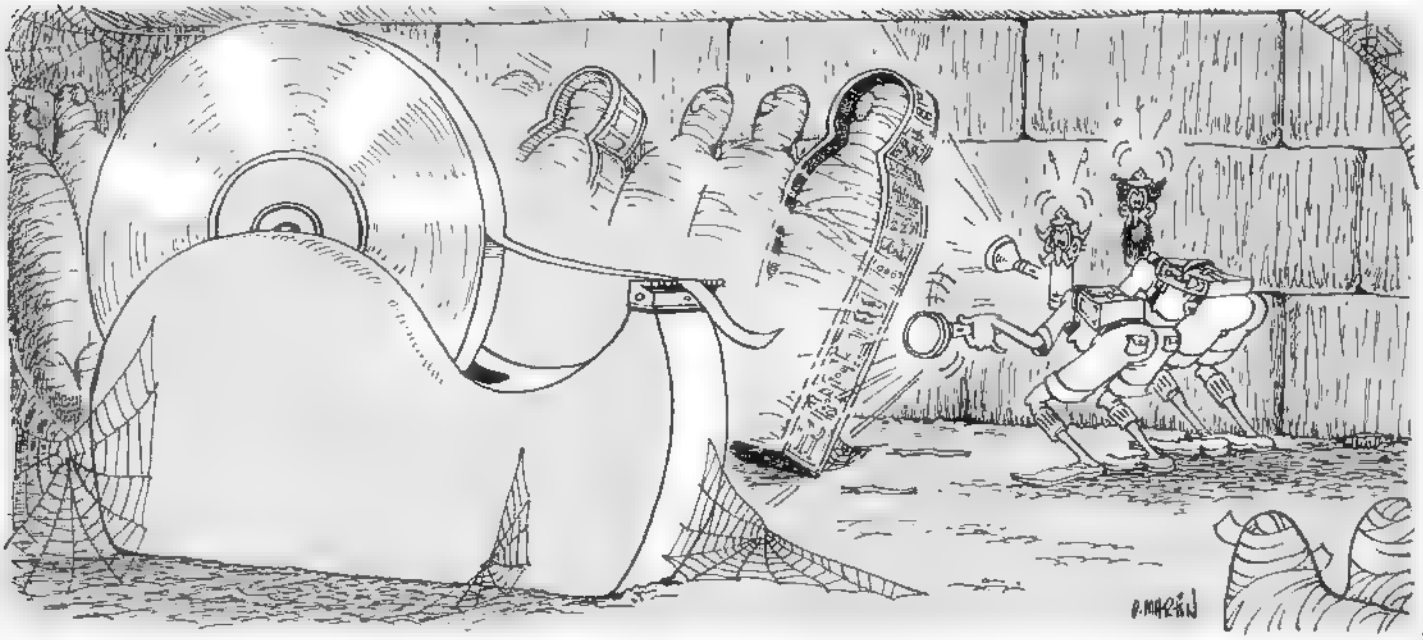
Then, those of a Pinko bent
Told me that I must repent;
Looked at me with eyebrows raised
'Til the Spics and Jews I praised.
Oh, the price in friends I paid
When I called a Spade a Spade.
Neighbors scarcely talked to me
'Til I loved Ted Kennedy.
Sadly, I admit it's true,
I became a Liberal, too.

"Blessings on thee," new friends said.
"Bigotry, you've found, is dead."
I pretended to agree;
But I lived in misery,
Knowing in my secret fright
I still loved the far-out Right.
Now, bless Archie Bunker's soul,
I can play my natural role.
See what laughs his comments bring?
Bigotry's the new "in" thing!

ONE FINE DAY AT THE PYRAMIDS







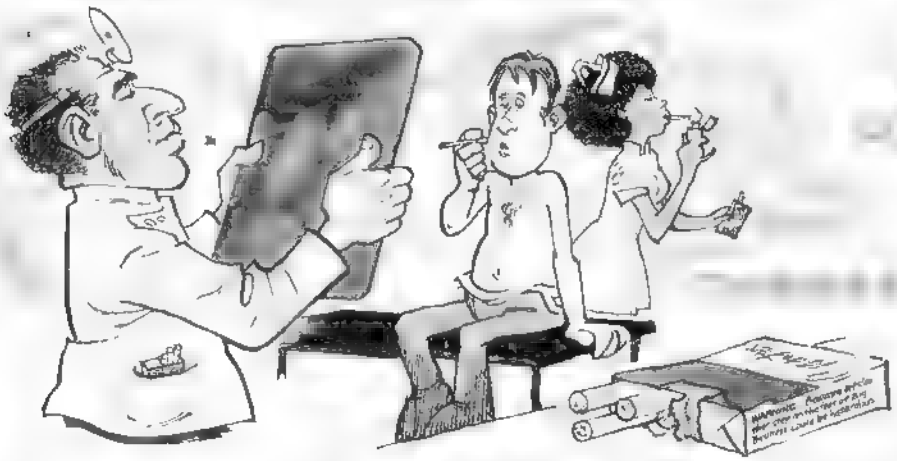
CRIMINAL T

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

OIL COMPANIES

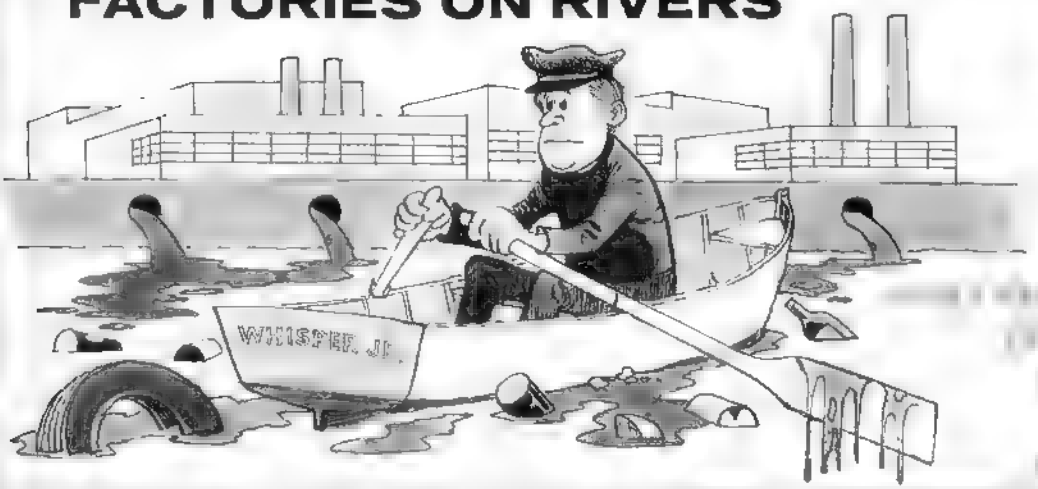
POLLUTION

TOBACCO COMPANIES



LUNG CANCER

FACTORIES ON RIVERS



CONTAMINATED

PUT THEM ALL TOGET

YPES DEPT.

WRITER: DON EDWING

SOAP COMPANIES

PHOSPHATES

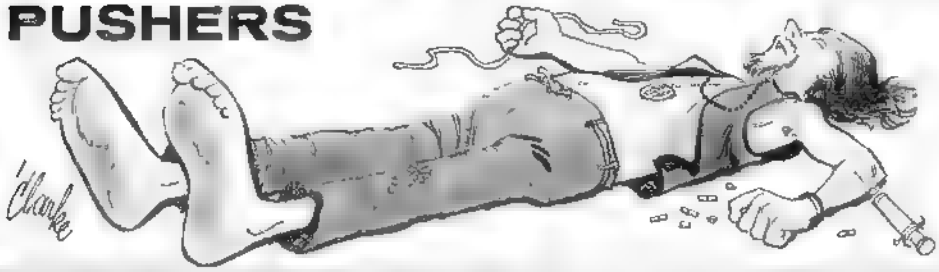
HUNTERS

EXTINCTION

AUTO MANUFACTURERS

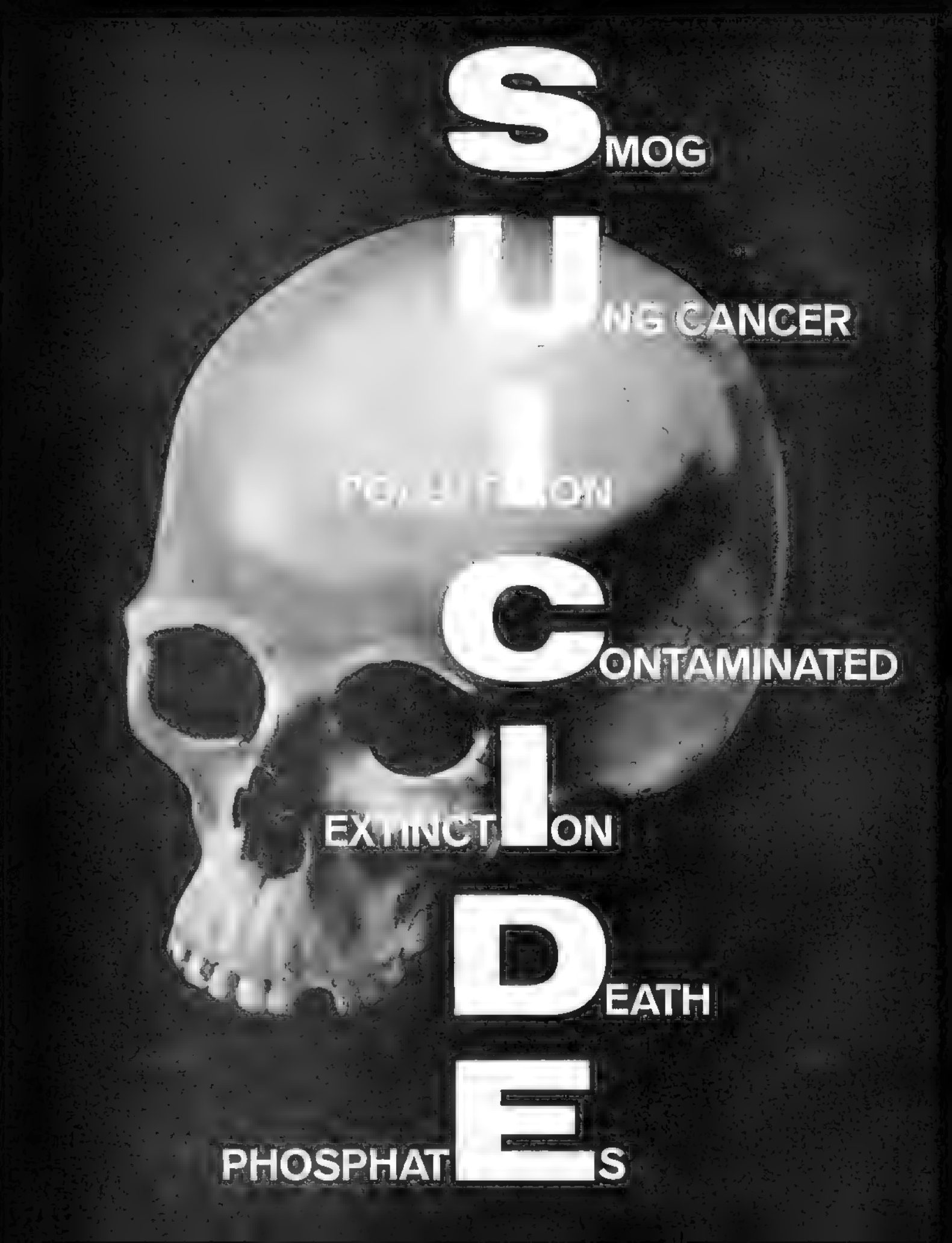
SMOG

PUSHERS



DEATH

HER, THEY SPELL...


SMOG
UNG CANCER
POLLUTION
CONTAMINATED
EXTINCTION
DEATH
PHOSPHATES

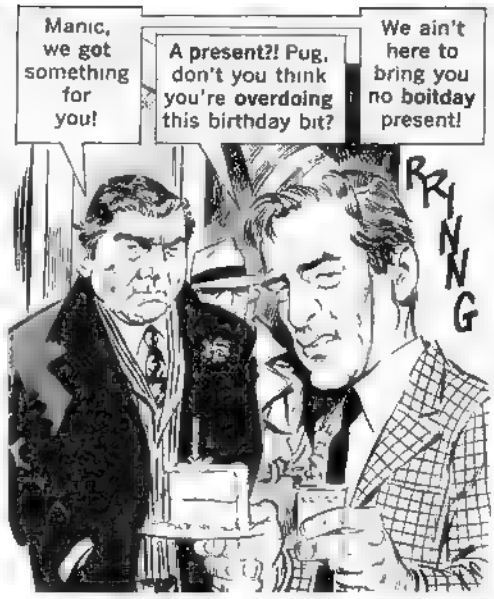
VIOLENCE IS GOLDEN DEPT.

Nowadays, a lot of people are beginning to feel that if we'd only let the forces of Law and Order take over, crime and violence would be eliminated. But after watching some of the so-called Law Enforcement Officers and Private Eyes on TV, we're not so sure. You'll see what we mean as we take a MAD look at TV's top Crime-Fighter . . .

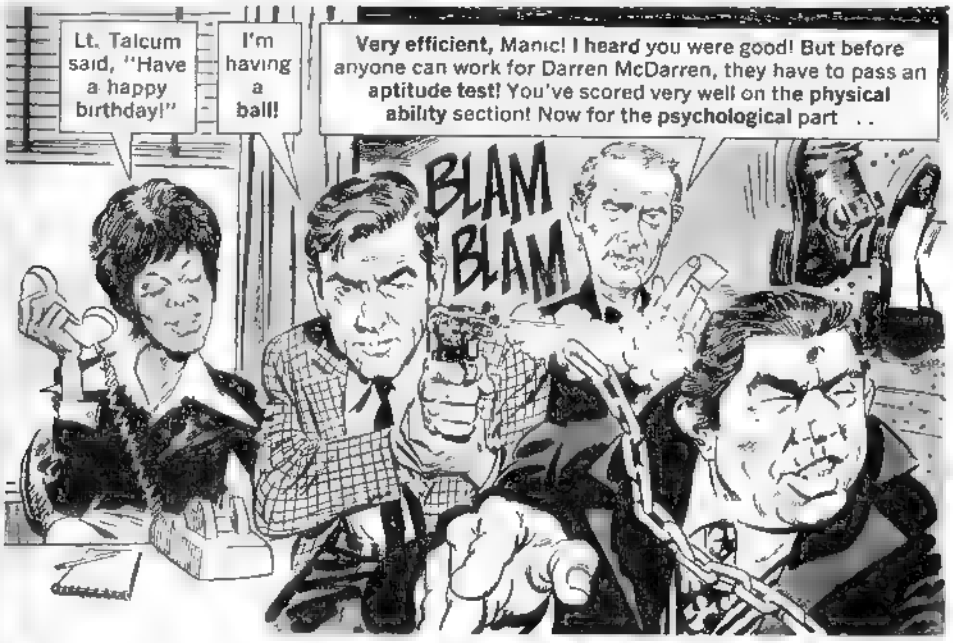
MANIC

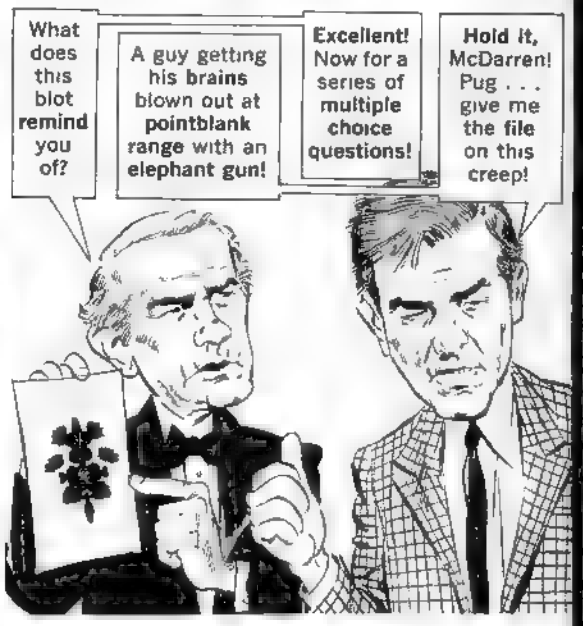
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Is he . . .?
I'm afraid so! It's a 13-story drop!
Poor guy! Another innocent victim of the frightening times we live in! Pug . . . when is all this violence and killing going to end?
When they cancel your Private Detective license!


Manic, we got something for you!
A present?! Pug, don't you think you're overdoing this birthday bit?
We ain't here to bring you no boitday present!
RRINNG

Hello . . . Joel Manic, Private Investigator! Oh, hello, Lieutenant!
It's Lt. Talcum!
Tell him I'm in conference! I'll call him back!

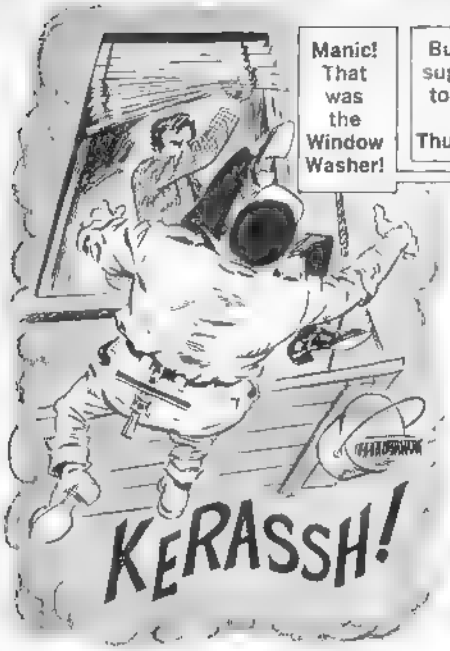

Lt. Talcum said, "Have a happy birthday!"
I'm having a ball!
Very efficient, Manic! I heard you were good! But before anyone can work for Darren McDarren, they have to pass an aptitude test! You've scored very well on the physical ability section! Now for the psychological part . .
BLAM BLAM


What does this blot remind you of?
A guy getting his brains blown out at pointblank range with an elephant gun!
Excellent! Now for a series of multiple choice questions!
Hold it, McDarren! Pug . . . give me the file on this creep!

Very interesting, McDarren! 300 arrests, and no convictions!!
See? I'm clean!
Clean?!? Why . . . you control every racket in this town . . . from smuggling wetbacks to porno bubblegum cards!
Hey, Mr. McDarren, that's right! I'll trade you two "Tom Seavers" and an "I Am Curious—Blue" for one Joe Namath!

Manic, somebody is trying to kill me!
Have you called the police?
They're the ones who are trying!
Get out, McDarren! You stand for everything I'm opposed to . . . Violence, senseless killing, brutality . . .
Hold it! There's someone at the window!

WAX!!

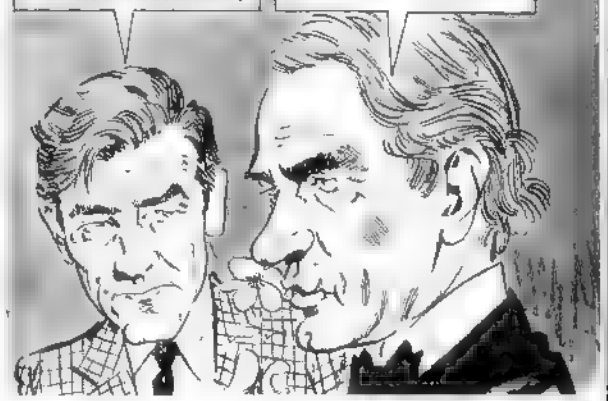


Manic! That was the Window Washer!

But he's supposed to come on Thursdays!

They changed his schedule and I forgot to tell you, the poor man!

Don't blame yourself, Pug! Everybody forgets things SOMEtimes!!



Manic, I want you to protect my wife! She doesn't even know I'm in the rackets! She thinks I'm a Dress Designer!

Yeah! I like to relax by designing my own dresses and wearing them around the house! But that don't concern you! I'm saving that for a guest shot on "Marcus Welby, M.D."!

A DRESS DESIGNER?!

This is my wife, Mona! I want you to stay with her 24 hours a day!

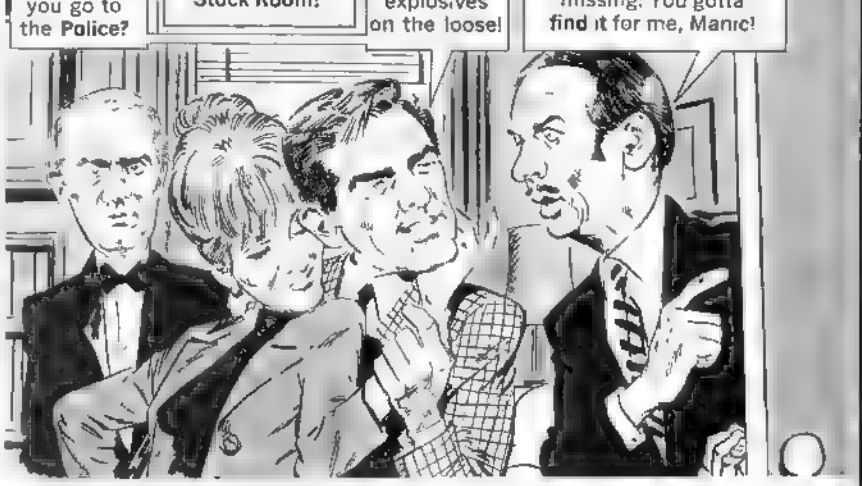
24 hours?!?

Never?!?

You are never to leave her side!!

Well . . . Handsome! Hardly ever!!

McDarren, you've just hired yourself a Private Detective!



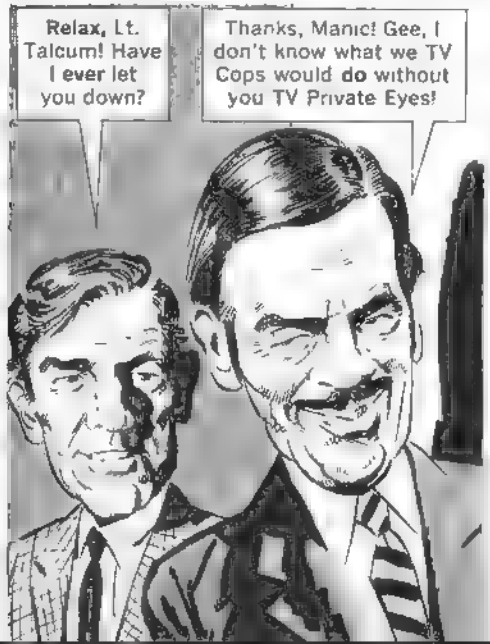
I need help, Manic! I'm in trouble!

Why don't you go to the Police?

I AM the Police, idiot! 30 sticks of dynamite have just been stolen from the Police Stock Room!

Boy, a lot of people could get hurt with that much explosives on the loose!

Yeah, mainly me—when the Chief finds out! Remember how he blew his stack when 3 boxes of Paper Clips were missing! You gotta find it for me, Manic!

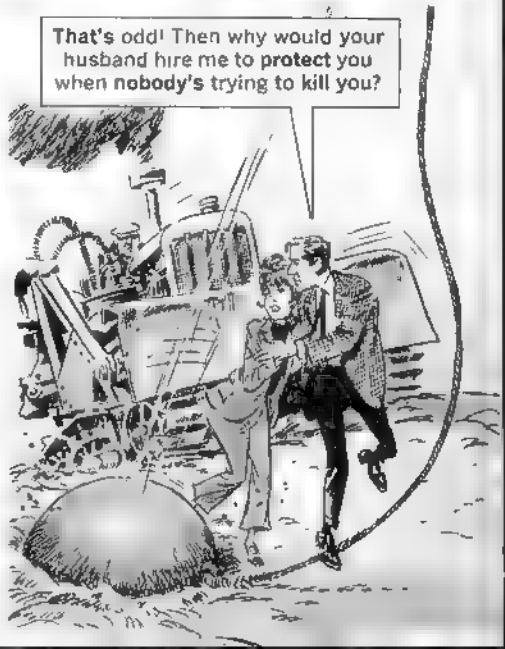


Relax, Lt. Talcum! Have I ever let you down?

Thanks, Manic! Gee, I don't know what we TV Cops would do without you TV Private Eyes!

Okay, Mona, now tell me! Have there been any attempts made on your life?

I think Darren is imagining the whole thing!



That's odd! Then why would your husband hire me to protect you when nobody's trying to kill you?

Y'know something, Manic! Now I DO think somebody's trying to kill me!

What made you change your mind??

The wrecking ball that almost hit me! And the bulldozer that just missed me! And now, this airplane that's strafing me!

Now, don't start imagining things yourself, Mona! Those are just common, ordinary, everyday occurrences!

Sorry, Manic! I guess I'm getting jumpy!

If you're jumpy now, what's gonna happen when you find out about the car tailing us? I'd better try to lose him!

Think hard, Mona! Who would stand to gain by your death?

Er . . . Darren's cousin, Sidney!

He's named in your will . . . ?

No, he's an Undertaker, and whenever there's a death in the family, my husband spends a small fortune on the funeral!

Oh-oh! That car looks suspicious!

But it's just a family out for a drive . . .

You may be right, but I can't afford to take any chances! My job is to protect you, so—

Is there anybody ELSE who'd like to see you dead?

There's my HUSBAND!! You see, Darren is an Art Collector, and I'm the Great Granddaughter of the famous artist, Vincent Van Gogo!

If anything happens to you, he gets your Van Gogo paintings!!

My Van Gogo paintings he's got! No, THIS is what he's after . . .

Holy cow, it's an EAR!!

So your Ol' Man's an "Ear Freak"!

This isn't just ANY old ear, Manic! This is the original Van Gogo ear!

Then the legend is TRUE! He DID cut off his ear for his girl friend!

No, that's just a story his Agent dreamed up! Actually, my Great Grandpa was near-sighted! He was trying to even off his sideburns one morning when his razor slipped! Now, his ear is a priceless Art World Treasure!
That figures! He did hundreds of paintings, but how many EARS did he cut off! And that gives McDarren the motive—but why hire me as your bodyguard??
Manic, I don't know about all this Detective stuff! All I know is how I feel about you!
But, Mona! You're . . . MARRIED!! The Network doesn't mind if we show violence and brutality and murder! But they frown on showing Adultery on a Prime Time Family Series!!
If I give Darren the ear, he'll give me a Divorce!
ALSTON
LIVES
You mean, you'd give up your ear for me, Mo——
KABLOOM!
Hello . . . Lt. Talcum? Manic, here! I found the dynamite . . .
Good work, Manic! Bring it to my office!
I'm afraid I can't! It blew up, destroying my car, and my latest girl friend and client!
The dynamite's GONE?!? Boy, a I gonna catch it from the Chief!!
I—I heard about my wife, Manic! Tell me, is the EAR alright?
Not YOUR ear, you Dummy! I mean the Van Gogo ear!!
Of course it is . . . but I didn't kill her! That's the reason I hired YOU! See, Manic, every time you get involved with a dame, she has a fatal accident! It's cheaper and surer than putting out a contract on her!
Well, I still have a little ringing in it from the explosion!
Is this ear worth killing your wife over, McDarren?
Now—as my wife's Widower, the ear is lawfully mine! So hand it over!
You want it . . . catch it!
Hey, that's no Frisbee, y'know! It's . . . OOOPS!!

What's going on here?

Hi, Lt. Talcum! You're just in time! Better call the Meat Wagon! We've got a pool full of stiffs here . . .

I've heard of people being bored to death by TV . . . but this is ridiculous!

SPLASH

ZZZZZTT!

None of this would have happened if Van Gogo had only used an electric razor!

McDarren is right! Every time I fall in love and I'm about to score, the girl gets zonked!!

It's just a coincidence!

Some coincidence! It's happened 217 times! I've got to find out who's responsible! It's costing me a fortune in flowers!

Manic, it's obvious that someone doesn't want to see you get married! This person is in love with you, but for some reason is afraid to reveal it! It's someone you see every day . . . someone very close to you . . .

Why, Lt. Talcum, you ol' devil! I never dreamed you cared! You never said anything!!

Not ME, Dum-dum! I mean PUG!!

He's right! I've always had a bad case on you! So I kept eliminating the competition, hoping that you'd finally get around to noticing me!

But, Pug! I could never marry you!

Why? Because I'm Black, Mr. Manic, Suh?!?

You're Black?!? I never noticed!! No, Pug—it's because I can get all the girls I want, but where could I ever find a Secretary like you—one who works 20 hours a day, 7 days a week, makes my coffee, sews my buttons, never complains, and never asks for any overtime!

Talcum, you OWE me, so I want Pug's confession off the record, okay?!?

I never heard a thing! Besides, I'm off duty!

But there's one thing you could clear up for me! Every week you're shot, mangled, slugged, kicked, run over . . .

And that's just during the opening credits!

And with all those beatings, you don't have a mark on you! How do you do it, Manic?

DRUSILA

RESERVED FOR MANIC'S NEXT GIRL

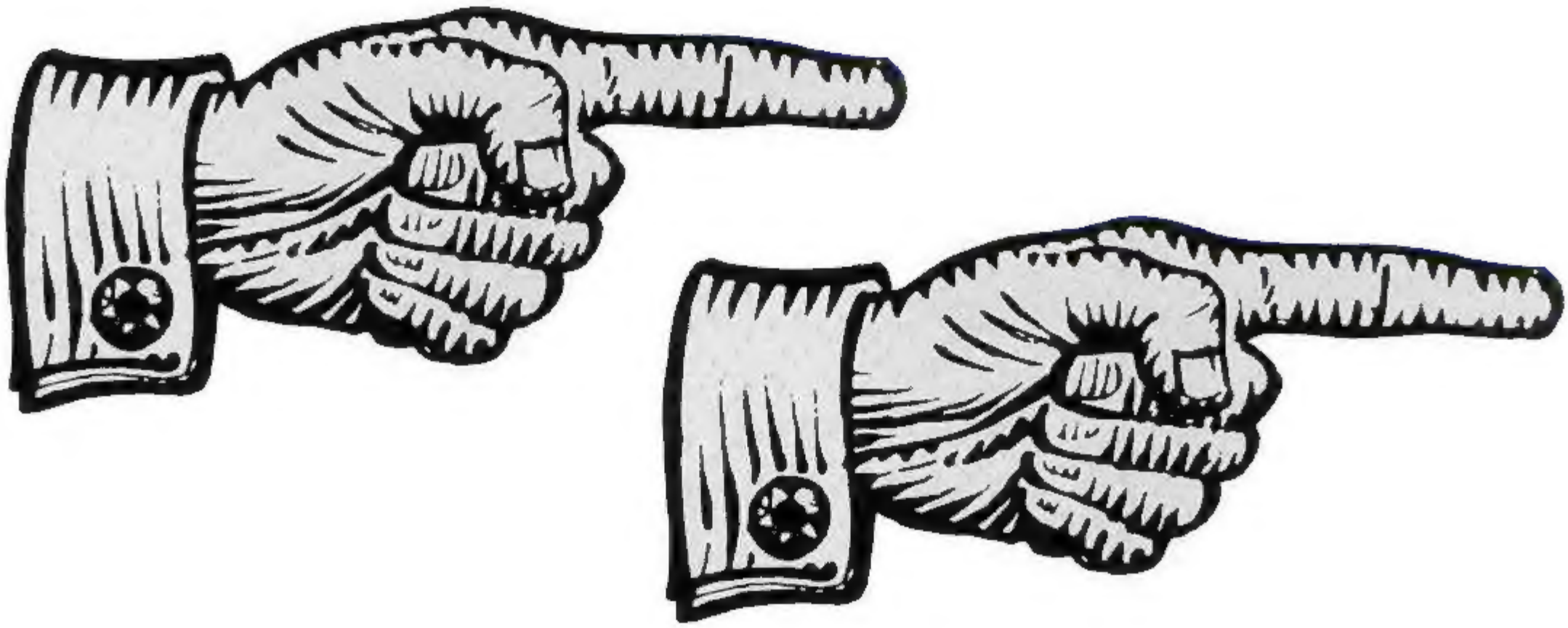
Lieutenant, I'll let you in on a little secret . . .

THIS is the real me!

But what sponsor would bankroll a TV Series about a Private Eye that looks like this . . . ?!?

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT INSTITUTION GRADUATES SUPER-SPECIALISTS IN THEIR CHOSEN FIELDS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Many of our finest Colleges and Universities graduate students who are ill-prepared for the careers they seek. But there is one particular Institution that consistently turns out alumni who are effectively educated there and become well-trained experts in their chosen field. To find out which remarkable institution this is, simply fold in the page as shown on the right.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

SOME INSTITUTIONS PRESCRIBE IRRELEVANT COURSES THAT DETER STUDENTS FROM THEIR PRIMARY CAREER OBJECTIVES. A VERY GOOD LESSON CAN BE LEARNED BY OBSERVING THE WELL-TRAINED GRADUATES OF ONE INSTITUTION.

A▶ ◀B

WHAT INSTITUTION GRADUATES SUPER-SPECIALISTS IN THEIR CHOSEN FIELDS?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

PRISON

A B

NIXON & BUNKER

PHOTOS BY: UPI

ANOTHER MAD MINI-POSTER

IN '72!